

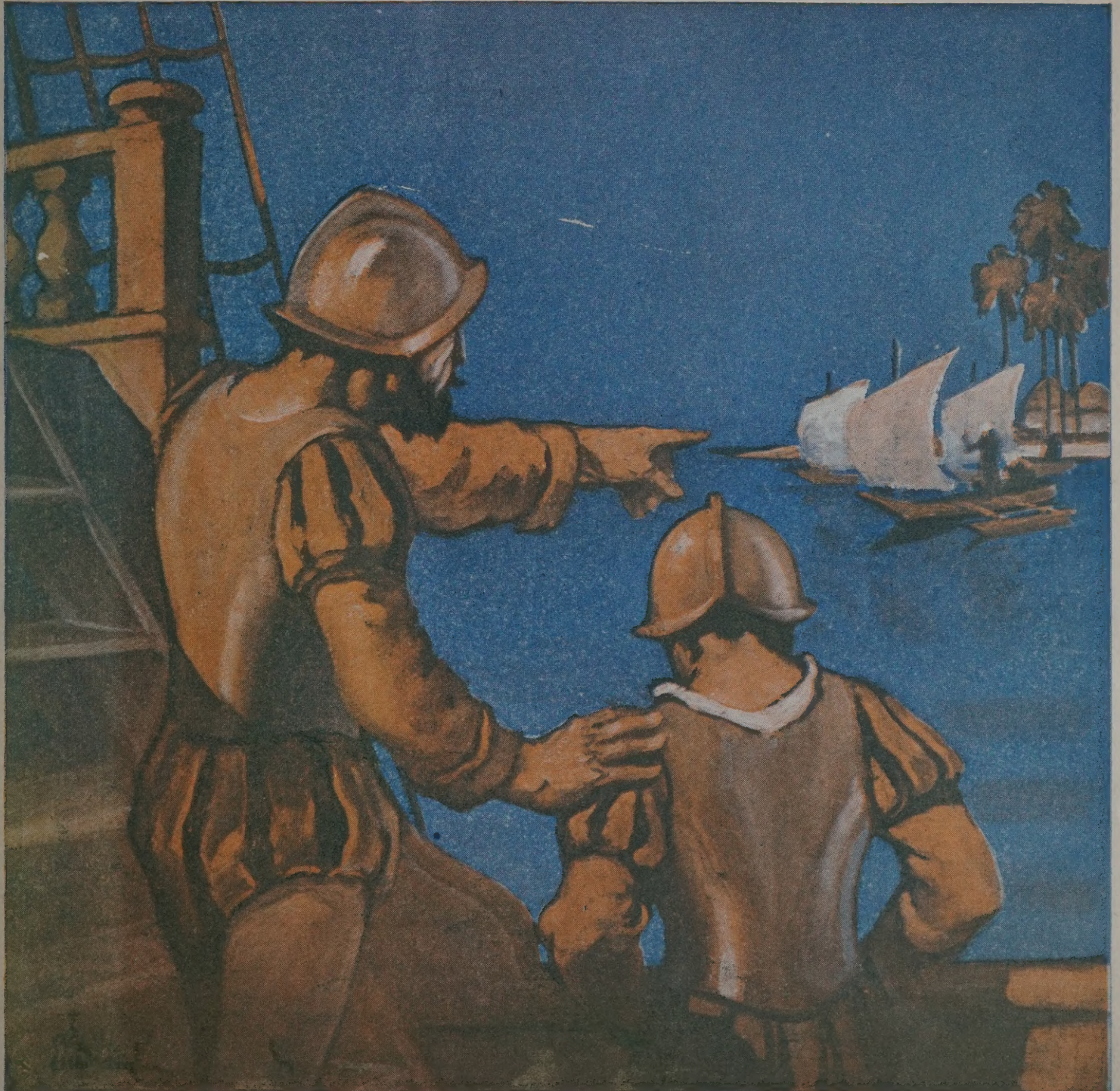
# *The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT*

Volume 26, Number 45

Five Cents a Copy

AUGUST 28, 1926

\$1.50 a Year



AT LAST THEY CAME TO A TREE-CLAD ISLAND AND SAW INDIANS IN STRANGE BOATS. (See page 16)

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH





# BRIEFLY TOLD



THERMOMETERS ARE BEING extensively used by fishing fleets. Cod and haddock usually exist in waters where the temperature averages between forty and fifty degrees.

VISITORS TO THE Wayside Inn on one day in July represented twenty-seven states and five foreign countries—England, Germany, Japan, Canada and Belgium.

FOG HORNS THAT automatically begin to blow whenever a thick mist gathers are being used more and more. Action of the damp air on calcium carbide sets the device in motion.

A BOOTLEGGER, ARRESTED in Toledo, was in the habit of spraying his customers with perfume to counteract the odor on their breath.

POSTAGE STAMPS BEING printed in England for the Turkish republic show the figure of a legendary hero with his pet wolf at his feet.

TWO THOUSAND MINNOWS are being sent from this country to Argentina in an effort to combat malaria there. The top minnow thrives on malaria-carrying mosquitoes.



MORE THAN \$400,000 is hoarded away in mattresses, stockings, sugar bowls, cupboards, and other household hiding places in this country, according to experts of the United States Treasury.

THE GOVERNMENT RECEIVES an average of 52,000 letters a day asking and volunteering information. The topics range from buried treasure to the best diet for earthworms.

LATEST FASHION IN ENGLAND is for women to indicate their status or mood by ear ornaments. Two earrings means a woman is married; one in the right ear, that she is engaged. Circles and ropes of gems indicate that she desires no new acquaintances, while ear ornaments in the form of bells denote that she is out for a good time.

THE LOWEST KNOWN temperature is 269.5 degrees below zero—the temperature of liquid oxygen.

ONE OF THE EARLIEST attempts at blood transfusion took place in the 14th Century when an effort was made to prolong the life of Pope Innocent VIII. The attempt failed, and three youths who gave their blood died from their sacrifices.

TENNIS ON ROLLER skates is the latest California hobby.

SOLDIERS IN THE Revolutionary Army were paid \$6.67 a month. Congress later voted them free land.

IN ADDITION TO CATCHING an eight-inch trout, a fisherman in the Adirondacks got a gold watch and chain, the fob on the chain having caught the line when the fish struck.



THE BRITISH POLICE force was organized in its present form just one century ago. The name 'Bobby,' so often applied to English policemen, is derived from that of Sir Robert Peel, who established the force.

TELEPHONE USERS IN Paris are now told, 'The number you asked for has been changed; consult the directory,' by means of a special phonograph, which is switched on automatically when a wrong number is called.

BUDAPEST HOLDS THE world's record for suicides with an average of five a day for the past several months.

AN INTER-GLACIAL forest—one which grew between two glacial eras and was covered over by the second glacier, thus being preserved for centuries—has been discovered on the north side of Mendenhall Glacier near Juneau, Alaska.

AN ENGLISH PEERESS, Lady Rodney, prepares the meals for the workers on her husband's ranch in Alberta. Among the farm hands are a French prince, a duke, a nephew of Lord Derby, and the son of the Duke of Manchester.

HELIUM HAS BEEN solidified into a transparent mass for the first time by Professor Keesom, of Leyden University. His predecessor, Professor Onnes, succeeded in liquifying helium but was unable to solidify it.

ITALIANS AND NEGROES are the largest purchasers of classical phonograph records, according to retail dealers.



A RADIO SET WITH a loop antenna mounted on a wheelbarrow is used by a Long Island farmer to entertain the employees on his farm while working in the fields.

IN NORTHERN SIBERIA some natives are reported to practise a form of hibernation, sleeping during the winter for days at a time.

FREE LIBRARIES ARE being organized throughout Turkey by the ministry of public education

STREET-CAR REGULATIONS in Rio de Janeiro require male passengers to wear coats and socks.

FRENCH WAS THE SPOKEN language at the Court of England from the time of the Conquest to the reign of Edward III. English was then made the language of legislation.

WOMEN OF PRAGUE, Bohemia, alarmed at the rapid increase in membership in a bachelor's club, have appealed to the authorities to order the organization to disband.

THE USE OF GAELIC is becoming more and more popular in Ireland.

A POLICEMAN IN RICHMOND, Virginia, whose automobile collided with another car, promptly arrested himself for reckless driving.

ERMINE RECEIVED ITS cognomen of 'royal' from Edward III of England, who so liked the fur that he made it an offense for any persons except those of royal birth to wear it



SAILORS PREFER the 'highbrow' type of literature, according to the American Marine Library Association.

Writers like Scott, Shakespeare and Milton are more in demand than modern authors. Educational books are also popular.

A GASOLINE TANK being tested for army airplanes is bullet proof and so connected that it can be dropped from the plane to the ground in case of fire.

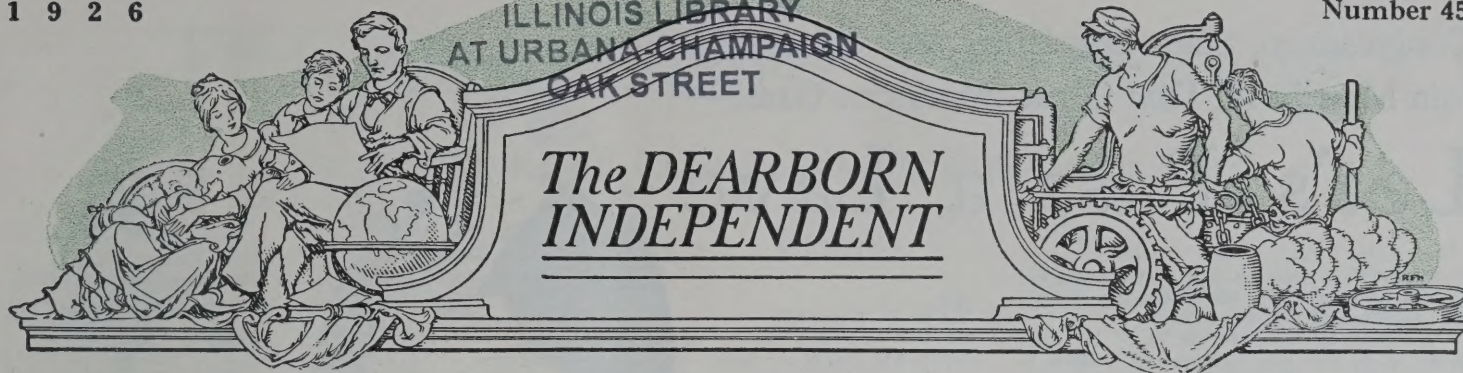
DUELING WAS SO POPULAR in France in the 17th Century that in one period of eight years more than 2,000 men lost their lives on the field of honor.

THE SMALLEST WATCH in the world has been produced by a Canadian watchmaker. It is so tiny that a Canadian five-cent piece will cover it.

HISTORIC FORT HENRY, whose gallant defense inspired 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' is to be restored by the Government. Plans have been made for equipping the fort as it was at the time of the British attack during the War of 1812.

CANDIDATES FOR MARRIAGE are now stamped in Turkey. Each person desiring a marriage license must undergo a medical examination, and to prevent any transfer of the permit the arm of the applicant is stamped with a number corresponding to that on the permit.





## THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the place of extremism in world affairs.

Americans are the greatest law-breakers on earth—*because there are so many laws to break*. In the past century and a half this country has enacted more laws than all the other countries of the world in all the time since Adam! Arthur Train, noted novelist and lawyer, has made a study of the 'fool laws' with which the nation is burdened. This is a good interview. (p. 2)

This is the time of year when thousands of boys are getting ready to enter college—and work their way through. Here is an article written by the assistant dean of men at the University of Illinois, which is chockful of good advice to such boys. Reading it is bound to save many a student a load of hard knocks. (p. 12)

Dean Turner tells not only of the common ways for working one's way through college—dishwashing, tending furnace, waiting on table, and so on—but he outlines some of the more unusual occupations—beekeeping, ambulance driving, lettering documents, decorating houses for dances, teaching golf, selling Christmas trees, apples. (p. 12)

The books of the New Testament began to be written when it became apparent to the companions of Jesus and eyewitnesses of His work that they must soon die. So they wrote down what they knew. Luke, of course, was not an eyewitness, but made independent research into the facts among the people before whom they had occurred. The story of the compilation of these books has been, until recent years, more or less shrouded in the obscurity of the ages. Now it is being pieced together bit by bit, from ancient documents dug from the sands of Egypt. One of the greatest collections of these scraps of papyri reposes at the University of Michigan. Harry A. Sanders, who is in charge of it, writes this article. He is recognized throughout the world as an eminent scholar. (p. 8)

It is unlawful in Los Angeles for street car conductors to shoot jack rabbits from

### CONTENTS

Front Cover Design	Paul Honore	2
Let's Pass a Law!	J. Olin Howe	3
That 'Anti-American' Feeling	A. R. Pinci	5
The Silk-Spinning Tragedienne	S. F. Aaron	6
The Cause of Lincoln's Sadness	Wm. E. Barton	7
Army Morale Is Sinking	By a Staff Captain	8
How We Got the New Testament	Henry A. Sanders	9
Mr. Ford's Page		10
Editorials		12
This Business of Working Your Way Through College	Fred H. Turner	14
The Most Misunderstood Religion	H. Henry Spoer	16
Voyage of the <i>Victoria</i> —Desertion of the <i>San Antonio</i>	Charles J. Finger	19
We Must All Hang Together	Carl Schurz Lowden	21
Chats With Office Callers	Quincy Kilby	29
Actors as They Are On and Off the Stage		32
I Read in the Papers		

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN  
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;  
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

the platforms of their cars! It is punishable by fine and imprisonment in New York City to drive an automobile around a street corner at a speed of more than four miles an hour. It is a crime to run a horse on a highway. A western state decrees that 'when two trains approach each other at a crossing they shall both come to a stop and *neither* [shall start until the other has gone.]' (p. 2)

The founding of another religion, Islam, has always been more or less a mystery to the western world. Moslems declare that their religion has been misunderstood, its true import missed. Muhammed, they say, led thousands of men from idolatry to belief in the one true God. This article is written by one who knows the East like the palm of his hand and, though a Christian clergyman, has a sympathetic understanding of the true spirit of Muhammedanism. (p. 14)

Bumptious American tourists are largely

responsible for the current 'anti-American' sentiment in Europe. The man who pastes francs on his luggage to show his contempt for France's currency may be reasonably sure of offending every Frenchman he meets. The one who waves a fistful of bills—obtained at a low rate of exchange—in the faces of men who have toiled hard for the money can expect to incur enmity both for himself and his country. (p. 3)

Still greater responsibility, however, rests upon blundering politicians here and abroad. The French have been led to believe—by politicians—that their debts would be canceled, or at least reduced to a minimum. Secretary Mellon declares that our late allies knew that the funds advanced during the war were loans, not gifts. But is this as clear as he thinks it? No contracts were required by this country, no agreements to pay, no notes, no formal documents. Such a condition can easily give rise to misunderstandings. (p. 3)

The sadness of Abraham Lincoln has been attributed to various reasons. Dr. Barton, eminent Lincoln biographer, has discovered a new explanation in the Lincoln family traits. (p. 6)

What's happening to the army? A republic is apt to forget its defenders in the piping times of peace, to cut them off with scant attention. An army officer rises to protest. (p. 7) . . . The Pennsylvania delegation, led by Benjamin Franklin, had much to do with final acceptance of the Declaration of Independence. In view of Philadelphia's present unpleasant dilemma it is interesting to look back at that city's sturdy leaders of 150 years ago. (p. 19) . . . And S. F. Aaron, who writes so interestingly on nature, has a story on Agalena, the busy little spider, that you will want to read. (p. 5)

Once safely past the straits, Magellan was a changed man. He became almost affable; but the change was too late. One ship had already deserted, and grumbings were free among the remaining crews. Paul Honore, on the cover, shows the *voyageurs* as they came to the island of Guam in mid-Pacific. (p. 16)



# Congressmen, State Legislators and Others All Join Merrily in That Great American Game— Let's Pass a Law!

Herewith is Section 413 of Chapter 67, Kansas Laws of 1903, which chapter covers the operation of motor vehicles:

'Nothing in this section shall be construed as in any way preventing, obstructing, impeding, embarrassing or in any other manner or form infringing upon the prerogative of any political chauffeur to run an automobibulos band-wagon at any rate he sees fit compatible with the safety of the occupants thereof;

'Provided, however, that not less than ten nor more than twenty ropes be allowed at all times to trail behind this vehicle when in motion, in order to permit those who have been so fortunate as to escape with their political lives an opportunity to be dragged to death.

'And provided further, that whenever a mangled and bleeding political corpse implores for mercy, the driver of the vehicle shall, in accordance with the provisions of this bill, "throw out the life line."

**T**HESE United States are deluged with a flood of ill-considered, inconsequential and grotesque laws.'

The speaker was Arthur Train, noted author and attorney. He continued:

'They overlap and often nullify each other. Many times the law on a certain subject in one state is so radically different from that in another as to cause one to wonder if the two states belong to the same nation.

We Americans are the greatest lawbreakers on earth—because we have so many laws to break! I'm not talking about criminals who intentionally act outside the law. I'm talking about average men and women—decent citizens—you—I—everyone—who mean to keep within the law, but don't worry so long as the police and other authorities let us get away with it.'

We were seated in that highly interesting library in Train's New York home

By J. OLIN  
HOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY  
W. O. FITZGERALD

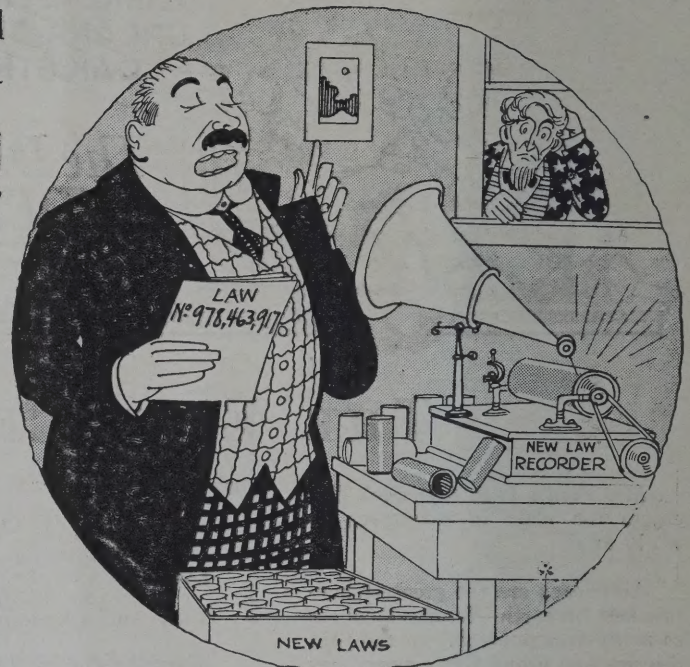
where he wrote *His Children's Children* and other best sellers, and whence came Mr. Tutt.

He talked at length of the multiplicity of laws which encumber statute books over this country, fool laws, many of them, general laws enacted to cover specific cases, outworn laws or never meant for daily guidance, laws which could not be enforced without disrupting society, laws which you never heard of or dreamed could exist, yet the law of the land, nevertheless, under which all of us are supposed to live and within which we are bound to act by our oaths of citizenship.

'Americans have a perfect mania for lawmaking,' he cried. 'Our federal Constitution was drafted one hundred and thirty-seven years ago, and since that time we have framed and passed more laws to govern the conduct of our citizens than all others passed since Adam!'

How many hundreds of thousands are there? Train didn't know. But their number is growing constantly—covering every subject on the earth, in the heavens above and the waters beneath.

Out of the sessions of Congress and of our state legislatures in the forty-eight states there annually go onto



Americans have a perfect mania for lawmaking.

American statute books upward of 15,000 laws—and many of the state legislatures meet but once in two years.

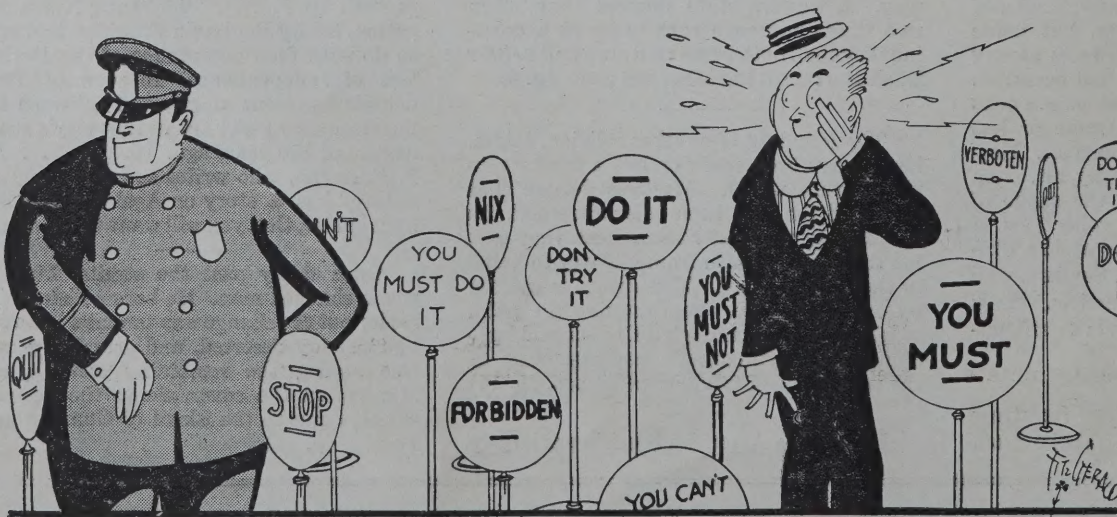
In a recent five-year period more than 62,000 separate laws were passed by these forty-nine bodies—an average of 1,200 or more each for the state lawmaking bodies and the rest for Congress—and it required 65,000 decisions of courts of last resort to interpret these. These decisions fill 630 large volumes.

Nor does this say aught of municipal legislation, ordinances and regulations of every kind under the sun, whose number is literally legion. In addition, there are thousands of interpretations and rulings of state and local departments.

'Even the best-intentioned of us, who go along regarding ourselves as law-abiding citizens,' Train said, 'can never keep from violating more or less of them. Probably most of us who live active lives disregard some law, ordinance, regulation or order about every day.

'The trouble is we make too many of 'em. From the beginning Americans have found little or nothing in human experience too intimate or too trivial for legal supervision and control—whether it be the sin of expectoration or the length of bed sheets.

'What makes it much more complicated is the fact that once laws get on statute books anywhere in (Concluded on page 31)



If the average man sensed his position before the law his pulse would go up every time he saw a policeman. We are the most law-ridden folk in the world.



# That 'Anti-American' Feeling

Some Psychological Reasons Why It Exists in France

By A. R. PINCI

Americans arriving here have suit and camera cases plastered with French and Belgium paper money.—London news item.

**F**OR four years American visitors on the Continent have been the object of hostile demonstrations and even targets of attack. In 1922 it was in Berlin. In 1926 it is in Paris. Because both dates coincide with the fall of German and French exchange, respectively, it has been assumed that first the mark's and now the franc's depreciation have been the cause of what is described as anti-American feeling there. Reading press dispatches, or even being the witness to some such demonstrations—as the writer has been—fails to give an inkling of the truth and the facts behind the unfortunate events.

Partly for brevity's sake and chiefly because of its wider appeal, the term 'anti-American' has been used so indiscriminately that now it is reaching pregnantly suggestive proportions. Unless the tendency is curbed, Americans themselves, by loose reference to such a condition, will germinate a seed that would otherwise be sterile. There is anti-American feeling in certain parts of Europe, but as yet it does not exist to the extent which casual reading and hearsay would imply.

An unimpeachable proof of the fallacy of anti-American feeling will be found in the 1922 German experiences. Those led to nothing. Sporadic and essentially local incidents were forgotten as soon as method—method which reached the root of trouble—came to the fore.

Be it not forgotten that these conflicts are taking place in Paris, just as in 1922 Berlin was the chief scene. But what happens in Paris is no more indicative of the French attitude than what happens in New York represents America. By good policing Paris could be made quieter than a church and still the rest of France be ready for blood. The French population as a whole has made no move, spoken no word. The masses are so busy working and challenging the high cost of living that they haven't the time to imitate those who are idling and challenging the cost of high living. Thus the Paris incidents of today are superficial.

Yet a grave question enters here; whether there exists some definite movement for the purpose of ultimately enlisting the French people's support

for what is the organized governing clique. What could be more ludicrous than the pretense of 'new cabinets,' of master minds, when these minds are the very ones which wrought what now they hope to remedy? French wage-earners, as elsewhere, must not

One contributing factor is common to both the German and French cases of 1922 and 1926, respectively—the hordes of irresponsible, bargain-mad, offensive American tourists who deliberately, boisterously, unmistakably go out of their way to vaunt the 'almighty dollar' and ostentatiously desecrate the natives' money.

Generally speaking, it is this group which has exhausted the patience of Europeans who, on their part, are ignorant of the divers causes of their troubles. That group inevitably has involved the innocent bystander, so to speak, so that self-respecting visitors must suffer when the 'bum rush' is due and they are unfortunate enough to be around.

think that the members of former fallen governments can perform a miracle by juggling a ministry and calling it a 'union government.' It is not a union government; it is a political union. Outsiders have waited in vain for some new blood, some new thought, some new plan.

At this juncture the dollar appears as the scapegoat for the fall of the franc, with which the dollar has nothing to do. French officialdom has no intention to disillusion the people of France, however. The franc's position must be accounted for—but not at the cost of entrenched political monopoly.

A few American rah-rah boys, plus a few commercial travelers of a type too familiar to be described here, plaster French money where the world may see it as a sign of disdain. This furnishes the ocular proof that politicians are 'right' and Americans are wrong, and upon meeting a few Frenchmen who logically resent the insult, there follows the demonstration that is described as anti-American.

French merchants bewail these attacks as destructive of their 'tourist business,' and punitive machinery has been set in motion to check attacks on the alleged free spenders.

In 1922 I saw a small group at a table in a Berlin restaurant. One, waving a twenty-dollar gold certificate so that every patron could see it, called a waiter and said:

'Fritz, here's God's money! Bring a billion marks' worth of brandy.' As the waiter scurried away the chap turned to his companion and added: 'That's the way to knock these pretzel-benders for a row of tin cans!' (Guffaws.)

In 1924, before matters had gained much headway, but after the seed of discontent was germinating, I noticed a party of young men having their idea of a Continental good time at the well-known *Cafe Americain* in Paris. One of their favorite stunts was the 'peeling off of a bank roll big enough to choke a horse.'

'Let's give these frog-eaters something to think about,' one suggested. Whatever the suggestion, it was carried and on they went, to scatter new resentments, new antagonisms, which in due time would affect the good standing of the United States, its producers, its business.

A thousand respectable American tourists will be forgotten in an instant, while a single act of rowdyism will be eternally remembered.

While it is true that Paris is as highly commercialized as New York, and that a fat pocketbook will heal many a rumpus, dollars or any other kind of money do not buy self-respect. This has been too sorely tried by too many 'show-offs.'

What goes on in Paris in due time reaches the provinces, but fortunately, it requires years before such things can be crystallized into national sentiment. Unless choked at the source, however, incalculable harm may be done.

But has the French Government attempted to head things off? No. A certain amount of order is maintained through the usual police agencies, and Americans are protected from hostile acts, but dollar-unrest is permitted to go on, unabated.

Why?

Because the present governing clique fears that its continuance in office depends upon the easiest way out of economic bondage, which apparently it translates as release from international obligations. In other words, cancellation of the debt to America is a panacea sought. It does not have to be cancellation outright, but any arrangement which would mean non-payment.



It is significant to note that on July 23 Poincaré succeeded in forming what was termed a 'powerful national cabinet' which included, besides himself, five ex-premiers. Americans may well have their doubts as to whether a cabinet made up of so many admitted failures can be successful. Of course, it would be none of America's business, except for one thing, that the debt to the United States probably will continue the major cause of these several cabinets' downfall. French politics is now committed, to a certain extent, to obtaining radical concessions from the United States with respect to its repayment.

In the end it makes no difference what will be done; virtually no one in authority believes that European peoples will be able to repay dollars, in a dozen years or so, to the number which will become due about and after that time, short of an economic miracle which no one expects.

Dissatisfaction with the debt terms and French fury over the depreciated franc are a coincidence. It may be said that it is a desirable coincidence, politically. It furnishes French officialdom with mass demonstrations—whether these be the pummeling of a tourist or the maimed veterans' parade—and abroad are represented as an index of national French thought. In essence it is more a campaign for the success of French political thought than of the franc's stabilization.

Thus we come to the two fundamental causes that, unlike Germany's experience with the mark, have led to the franc's snarl. Those causes are near-diplomacy and cheap politics. Diplomacy which was not clear enough; politics which fostered misapprehension, and too much talk of a semi-private nature, have together led to a state of mind in France which can never be disabused. It is too late now, for any adjustment will not relieve France of the conviction that it involves a sacrifice.

The United States indulged in the near-diplomacy. France indulged in the politics. Here and there both have tried a bit of the other. Then came the self-elected 'friends of France,' who sprang in America out of nowhere and befogged the real issues. Help was offered; truth was hidden.

That the franc is hurt by causes which begin and end with the war, and not with the dollar itself, is something which French politicians cannot afford to explain. It would endanger the circle of anointed politicians who take turns in ministries which do not govern. Obviously, so long as the

people of France look at the dollar they cannot see their politicians.

The newspapers played up the fact that several financiers recently sojourned in Antibes. It seems odd that these gentlemen should meet in the 2500-year-old former Antipolis at a time when their presence might complicate public opinion. Is it possible, if one took their protests literally, that Cour Masséna was the only object of their interest? Is it any wonder that the French people regarded the matter as boding the franc no good? And just what could those gentlemen do to save the franc?

The American attitude for a time appeared so conspicuously pro-French that France regarded herself as the object of much solicitude. The belief grew that France would be protected from the annoyances and troubles which other nations had to undergo.

Just why European countries felt that the money borrowed from American taxpayers would not have to be repaid has puzzled quite a few, yet the answer will be found in the fact that the Treasury advanced billions of dollars carelessly, loosely, informally.

Secretary Mellon on the eve of his departure, challenging Britain's contentions, said: 'It is clear that when the advances were made to our allies they knew and we knew they were loans, not gifts . . . ' Is it clear? There were no contracts, no notes, no agreements to repay. The United States did not require any formal documentation, and of course the borrowing governments did not see fit to suggest any. And in the United States no one was shocked when it was announced that nothing but a few memoranda, signed by the respective ambassadors or high commissioners, existed in the Treasury to account for the disbursements.

If foreign borrowers have a loose idea about the debts, one must not be too severe, for the Treasury was very loose in its method of doing business. Even though it involved finance, the fact that it was a deal with foreign governments brought it within the purview of diplomacy. Thus American diplomacy really paved the way for the misapprehension which exists abroad.

The American people played no favorites; they liked their friends, honored their 'allies,' called it square with their former enemies. They indulged neither grudges nor illusions. Withal, the pro-French movement attained astounding proportions.

For example, Miss Anne Morgan, at the head of a 'devastated France' movement, did not suspect that the magic of her name might lead to misunderstandings, as it did. Rodman Wanamaker, late in July, suggested that Americans must assist France by establishing some sort of international bank, and the idea, cabled to the publisher of the Paris *Matin*, is another act to mislead the French into believing

that the United States is the financial guardian of their country. And last, but not least, there is Myron T. Herrick, American Ambassador to France (under Taft, Harding, Coolidge and for a short time under Wilson), who has been dubbed—I was so told in Paris—the 'best French Ambassador the French ever had in America.'

So thorough was this general state of mind on the part of certain Americans who were prominent enough to export their thoughts where half a world could read them, that when a single dissenting voice was raised in a book written by an American banker the latter found himself minus a job for his effort. Yet he spoke prophetically, as a checking up of his statements will show.

The French situation cannot be as easily remedied as the German was. As soon as the mark was graced with a value adequate to goods and services, the bugaboo of exchange disappeared. Conversely, it killed off the bargain-hunting, offensive American tourist, who was out of the element once goods could not be bought by the ton with a few slips of 'God's money.' Germany pocketed its losses and then proceeded to forget them.

Today, in a little more than three years, the rentenmark has given Germany a self-confidence which France, one of the victors, does not possess. The French will not be as philosophical about pocketing losses as the enemy was, for obvious reasons, for they do not suspect their politicians, unless one might think of Herriot, whose part is insignificant.

Is there an answer?

Yes; one which comes home to roost; one in which the people of the United States had no hand and yet was played up in their name. The fault or guilt lies in about even proportions at the thresholds of the State Department and Quai d'Orsay. The mistakes of the war have

been permitted to become the mistakes of the peace.

The war having been one of commerce and nothing more—trade jealousies of all kinds—it is inevitable that such peace as we have today should dwindle to a dollar-and-franc acrimony. The existence of commercialism has been defined by Secretary Mellon himself, but Great Britain, with the pound sterling at par, can afford to talk back and in talking to France, point to the United States. Groping blindly, the French people have jumped to conclusions, especially the conclusion that the dollar is suffocating the franc and that the pound also does it because America does it to Britain.



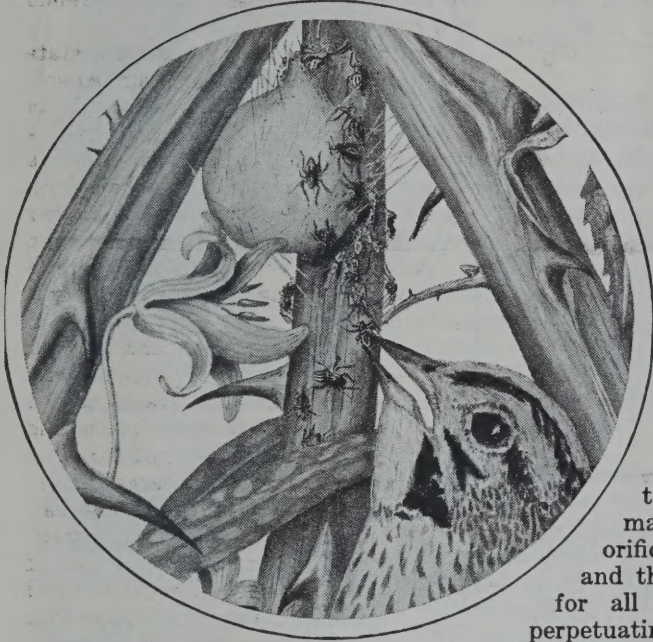
# This Is the Life Story of Agalena

## The Silk-Spinning Tragedienne

Whose Cruel Career Was Ended by  
One Stroke of the Poisoned Stiletto

By  
S. F. AARON

ILLUSTRATED BY  
THE AUTHOR



Circle—The song sparrow catches a number of baby spiders as they emerge from the egg case.

protection not against breakage, but against the too curious enemies that may thus be confused. The orifice was closed, the ball hung and the little artisan responsible for all this well-planned means of perpetuating a species was idle for a time, her rest well earned. Then, with the waning of the warmth, the falling of the leaves, the more eager hunting of bird and shrew, she vanished, her kind rarely hiding so effectively as to escape all enemies. Yet, all honor to her as a loyal mother that in compliance with the mysterious urge of nature labors thus persistently and daringly for offspring that she never sees, nor would recognize if she did.

The snows came and covered the little ball. The thaws disclosed it hanging there sharply brown against the diminishing white and it is a wonder that it survived. Chickadees, searching closely, came and inspected it, discovered the distasteful silken strands and turned away. So with the nuthatch and the junco. The whitethroat and song sparrow gave it a slight pecking, but there was nothing alluring about it to them. The deer mice, fearing to venture so far from cover, did not find it. The shrew regarded it eagerly; it is a case of nose with this smallest of quadrupeds and it

discards nothing possibly edible. Hungrily emerging above the leafy covering of its semi-subterranean burrows it meant to make short work of going through the silken wall. But upon the instant a hawk-eyed shrike interfered and in a moment the stout-hearted little insectivore was decorating a nearby locust thorn.

A long-tailed black, white and russet bird scratched among the leaves about the briars, spied the little ball and craving such diet decided to give one squeeze with its stout bill and then—But reynard of the rocky hillsides took a notion to cut across this way home and the long-tailed bird, forgetting the silken ball and calling 'chewink, chewink' as a warning to his fellows, went up into the bush tops.

Into the woods came another species of hunting biped—a flock, covey, bevy or herd—entirely bent upon mental food rather than that of the stomach. Arbutus was about to be generally uprooted; someone protested. Another, eagerly searching for hepatica, discovered the silken ball.

'Oh, look! What can this pretty thing be? It's tied fast.'

'That is the egg case of an Agalena spider, one of the funnel-web builders,' instructed the naturalist.

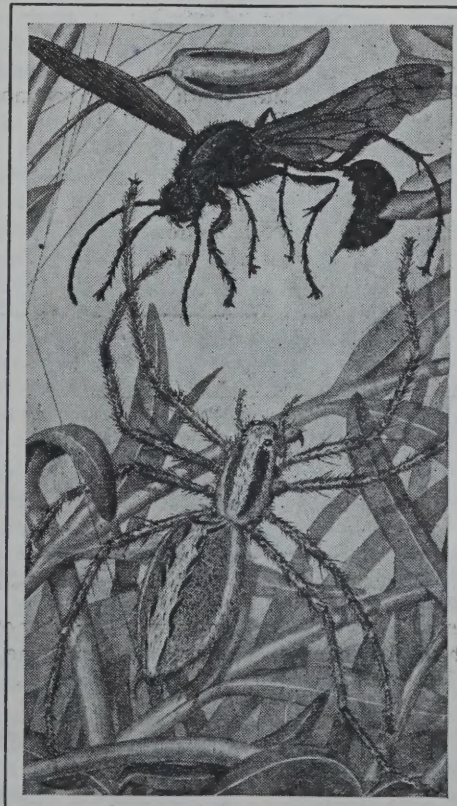
'Ugh! A spider! The nasty thing!'

'Oh, Linda, how you talk! They are delightfully interesting.'

'Yes and often very beautiful in coloration and markings, even equaling the most gorgeous flowers and shells,' declared the man of science.

'And aren't they also very useful creatures, destroying flies, gnats and many noxious insects?' offered a fourth member of the party.

The returning and nesting birds, though eager to feed their clamorous young, missed



Agalena turns to fight her deadliest enemy, the potter wasp, whose sting causes paralysis.

(Continued on page 27)

**S**USPENDED among three thorny canes of wild blackberry that formed a very miniature tent and partial protection against weather and the prying eyes of hungry seekers of tit-bits, a buffy-gray, rounded little ball no larger than a Morello cherry remained throughout the long winter.

Stout silken threads firmly attached at both ends held the little ball in place; it swayed in the winds only as the spiny stalks swayed. Other than by these attachments the odd little object belonged in no way to the briars; it was as foreign to all vegetation as were the birds that in summer sampled the shiny, juicy fruit.

This little globular, silken, smooth thing was one of those correctly planned and skillfully made containers that are responsible chiefly for a vast number of crawling creatures. Moreover, it was not unlike in the material of its construction those oval and oblong housings of the immature stages of many night-flying moths: the objects commonly known as cocoons. Therefore, as may be surmised, it was by no means solid and the inside was far more wonderful than the outer surface.

A pair of so-called spinnerets—and no name could fit better—aided by eight relatively long legs, were the tools and appliances most largely used in forming the little ball during the latter part of the preceding summer. Upon its completion it became filled through the small, somewhat bottle-necked opening at its top with nearly three hundred tiny, golden-colored spheres about the size of number twelve bird shot. These lay *en masse* within a soft inner center of flossy silk, an added



# Because Melancholy Was a Family Trait It Is Here Offered as an Explanation of Why Lincoln Was Sad

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

**M**ANY attempts have been made at explanation of the abysmal sadness which sometimes engulfed the soul of Abraham Lincoln. Three explanations are familiar. One which has been popularized by a noted dietitian attributes it to Lincoln's habitual indigestion. If he had eschewed hog and hominy and subsisted on a vegetable diet with plenty of bran, he might have been, according to this physician, a cheerful man.

Sentimental writers in no inconsiderable number suppose that Lincoln was never a happy man after the death of Ann Rutledge and that all through his life his alleged habitual sorrow for this sweetheart of his youth came upon him periodically with insupportable weight of woe.

A third explanation, and one which William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, believed, is that Lincoln's domestic infelicity made it impossible for him to be happy excepting when he forgot the nagging disposition, unreasonable spirit, hot temper and stubborn will of Mary Todd Lincoln.

I believe that none of these explanations sufficiently explain this trait in Lincoln's character, and I am sure that one important source of knowledge has been wholly overlooked. Melancholy, as Lincoln knew it, was a family trait inherited from the Lincolns.

The discovery of this fact carries with it some measure of knowledge concerning Lincoln's relations with women, especially that hesitation with which he more than once approached matrimony and shrank from its experience. This also was native to the Lincoln temperament and was a trait possessed by others of the Lincoln family.

Abraham Lincoln grew up among the Hankses, relatives of his mother, but from them we know little of the Lincoln family traits. Of that family the most intelligent and best educated member was Dennis Hanks, a first cousin of Abraham Lincoln's mother. Dennis was

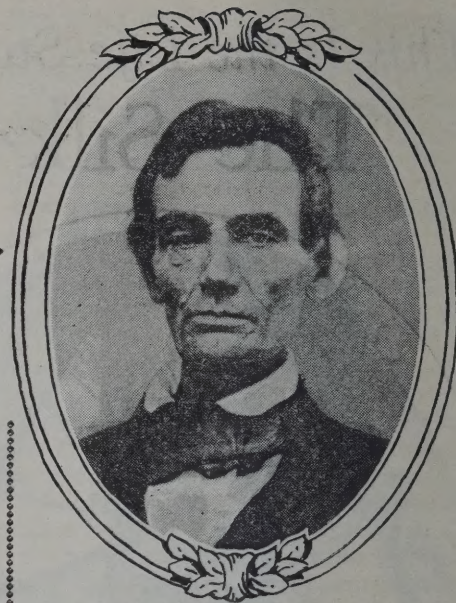
Abraham Lincoln was a man of many moods. At times he was boisterously mirthful, at other times placidly and almost lazily content. There were periods when he had a brooding, meditative sadness, and yet others when he was plunged into the very depths of woe. His law partner, William H. Herndon, who studied him more closely and for a longer period than any other man, said that 'melancholy dripped from him as he walked.'

a much abler and better educated man than John Hanks, also a first cousin of Lincoln's mother, child of her eldest uncle, William Hanks. Lincoln had more respect for John, but enjoyed a much longer companionship with Dennis.

In 1829 certain of the children of Mordecai Lincoln, eldest brother of Abraham Lincoln's father, Thomas, migrated from Kentucky to Illinois and made their home at the head of the Mississippi rapids nearly opposite Keokuk, Iowa. These members of the family carried on a more or less active correspondence with their brothers and sisters and cousins in Kentucky. A considerable portion of this correspondence has been preserved and is now in my possession.

Mordecai Lincoln himself came to visit his children in 1830, the winter of the deep snow, the very winter when Abraham Lincoln was near Decatur prior to his residence in New Salem.

Mordecai Lincoln himself was overtaken in the storm and lost his life as a result of this same terrific snowfall and blizzard. His widow, Mary Mudd Lincoln, subsequently removed to Illinois and many years later died among her children. One of her daughters married a cousin by the name of Ben Mudd, and the Mudds also removed to this County of Hancock, whose county seat is Carthage. The descendants of this family of Lincolns are still there, and their records and traditions go back,



An ambrotype, said to have been made by Pearson, 1853.

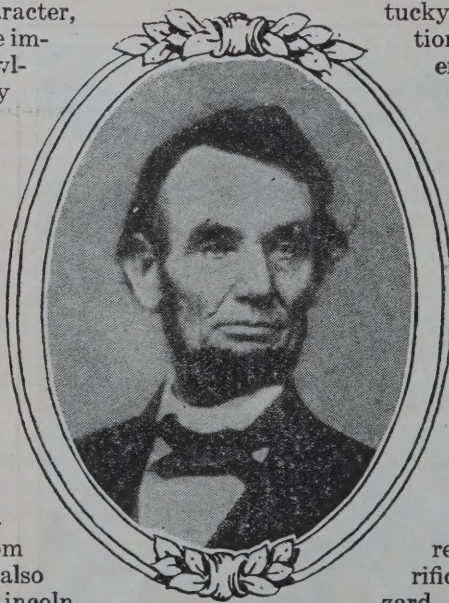
not only to the beginning of this branch of the Lincoln family in Illinois, but also through correspondence and other records to their earlier life in Kentucky.

For our present purpose the most interesting fact about these Lincolns is that they were all subject to the same depression and melancholy which was so characteristic of Abraham Lincoln.

Here, then, is our entirely new answer to a question so many times asked and so variously and often wrongly replied to: Abraham Lincoln was a man of moods because that trait was congenital; it belonged to the Lincoln family. The Mudds, also, after their intermarriage with the Lincolns, inherited the same trait and knew from which side of the family they got it; they spoke of it as 'the Lincoln horrors.'

This answer is as interesting as it is novel. It is rather striking that no one has sought it out before. John Hay spent his boyhood in that same general part of Illinois, and he records in his diary his meeting with a representative of this same family. His name was Robert, a son of Abraham Lincoln's first cousin, Abraham. Robert died in Carthage, Illinois, September 5, 1868. Of him John Hay wrote: 'Rode to Carthage in the same seat with Robert Lincoln, a second cousin of the late President. He is forty-one years old, looks much older. The same eyes and hair the President had—the same tall stature, and shambling gait, less exaggerated. Drinks hard, chews ravenously. Rather rough, farmer-looking man. He says the family is about run out. "We are not a very marrying set." He is dying of consumption, he said very coolly. There was something startling in the resemblance of the straight thicket of hair and the gray cavernous eyes, framed in black brows and lashes, to the features of the great dead man.'

I have a particularly large body of material concerning (Concluded on page 22)



The Brady portrait of the President, made in 1864.



# This Officer Says That It Is Time for a New Deal Because Army Morale Is Sinking

By A STAFF CAPTAIN

**I**N THE publications of this country of late the Army of the United States has been under fire. First came the *American Mercury* with its articles on 'The Uplift Hits the Army' and 'An Army of Amateurs' which shocked many a conservative colonel and relieved the minds of many a distressed lieutenant, trying to do his best with skeleton troops and quarters dilapidated with age; with rotting sills, leaky roofs, warped sashes, wavy floors, and almost indecent plumbing.

Even at the crack posts of the service, where selected officers are trained in their specialties, these gentlemen are required to concentrate on professional studies in surroundings that would be a disgrace to any educational institution in the land.

Next came Paul Withington in the *American Legion Weekly* describing the appalling living conditions of the star troops of the famous Second Division. Then arose a colonel in the Air Service and criticized the entire War Department with seeming impunity until a court-martial seized him and staged a national show for his benefit, and even permitted him to try to call to account the General Staff and the administrative heads of the Army. Finally the Chief of Infantry stated in his annual report:

Due to the small size of units, the excessive amount of fatigue necessary to maintain the temporary quarters in which many are sheltered, and the use of troops at the summer camps, there is but little seasonable time in which to carry out individual and organizational training. In the training of enlisted men and organizations, there is much to be desired.

Periodically we must scrutinize our policies and our results. In the first years of a venture, we cannot always tell what the situation really is. Work and development shape the details.

The operation of the National Defense Act of 1920 has now been extensive enough for us to survey the situation as a whole. Under the constant pressure for abnormal post-war economy, the picture has been indistinct and the figures have appeared somewhat grotesque. The time has come for the full light of day. A de-

mocracy which guides its policies by the will of the people, lives and flourishes by full knowledge.

All parts of the Army are knit together. A cut in the commissioned personnel of the Regular Army is felt by Guard and Reserve units which

Throughout the military service, the sentiment is growing that it is time for a new deal.

The National Defense Act of 1920, under which the army now operates, has stood on the books somewhat over five years. Yet the earnest efforts of regular personnel and the enthusiasm of guard and reserve people have been continually hampered by financial considerations of a depressing character. Reductions from the 280,000 strength stipulated in the Act of 1920 to a meager 118,750, and reductions in appropriations from \$418,135,257 to \$262,134,050, have had a damaging effect on progress and morale.

Officers demoted 'temporarily' three years ago, are still in the lower grades. Even their work has had to be done against constant pressure. The question arises whether the Army can do its job with the facilities available. The answer is slowly taking form—and appears to be a negative answer.

need instructors. Deficiencies in appropriations for barracks and quarters, utilities and repairs, ammunition and *materiel*, make greater demands upon troop labor and *esprit de corps* and militate against attainment of that combat efficiency which is the goal of military training. Lack of enlisted personnel drains essential organizations, imperils expensive installations, and actually endangers distant garrisons.

Generally the state of morale is low, and is sinking from day to day and month to month. The decline is widespread and touches many interlaced details. But for convenience in consideration, the actual needs must be listed under separate heads.

1. First is the fact that an increase in commissioned and enlisted personnel is sorely needed. Individuals are overworked. They have not the time for that professional study which will develop them for future responsibilities. They hurry from target season to civilian training and back to garrison drill.

They are not able to meet the de-

mands made upon their time and efforts by civilian bodies demanding more and more attention, much less to carry out any really effective unit training of their own.

They graduate from special service schools full of enthusiasm to put their new knowledge to practical use, and find the organizations they join so ridiculously regularly on fatigue that a day of drill comes as a surprise.

2. The National Guard is growing. Its units have increasing enthusiasm and confidence. It was hoped that the Guard, under the Act of 1920, might reach a strength of 450,000 and maintain that democratic 'militia' interest which underlies national defense by citizen forces. Reasons of economy, however, caused the War Department to adjust its aim toward the lower figure of 250,000. Present appropriations are insufficient, even for the guard we do have, 180,000-190,000, and only very active political efforts have saved drill pay actually voted by Congress but threatened by executive action by economy-mad politicians. With depleted regulars and skeletonized reserves, the guard assumes prime im-

portance for effective immediate use—and it is crippled, handicapped, and held down, its natural growth stunted.

3. The Organized Reserves are also on the increase, but they are still far from securing the training of 30,000 officers a year deemed desirable. Even such a figure would be small, once every three years for combat officers and once every five years for officers in non-combat branches. Yet even that number seems beyond the limits of a national pocketbook that wastes millions in ineffective prohibition law enforcement. It is at least beyond the limits of the drawing account placed to the credit of the War Department.

4. Reserve Officers Training Corps units are essential to the future security of the nation. They select and develop those youths of character and education who will be battle leaders of future American military manpower. It might seem that if nothing else were done at all, the

(Continued on page 24)



# Papyrus Records Tell How We Got the New Testament

Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John  
Were Preserved Centuries in Sands of Egypt

By HENRY A. SANDERS

**F**OR over thirty years the sands of Egypt have been yielding uncounted treasures of legal, historical, and literary documents, written on papyrus, many of which go back to New Testament times or antedate them. Neither has this rich material been kept hidden in Egypt, but it has been scattered among the great libraries and universities of Europe and America, wherever there was money to buy and scholars to study these precious records of antiquity. As an example of one collection, and that not the largest, in the library of the University of Michigan, there are nearly 4,000 items listed in the Catalog of Papyri, and members of the Classical and Historical departments are engaged in deciphering them.

The study of these contemporary documents not only gives a better understanding of the Greek of the New Testament, but it furnishes a remarkable picture of the times. We can see the common people of the ancient world busy buying and selling land, produce, clothing, ornaments and slaves, keeping accounts, engaged in lawsuits, petitioning their governors, making marriage settlements, writing wills, settling inheritances, and engaging in all the varied types of a voluminous correspondence.

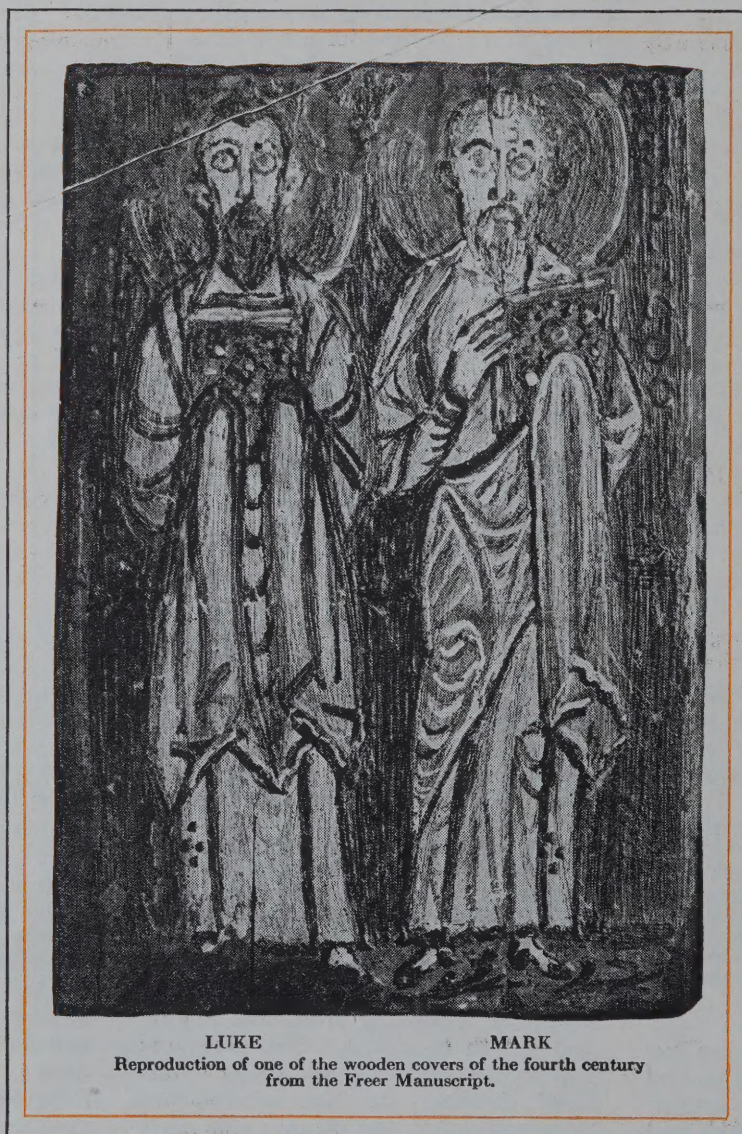
The military establishments maintained by the Romans throughout the Orient furnish their share of enlightening records and we see again not alone the commanders but even more the common soldiers performing their military duties, mingling in the life of the people, maintaining families in the village near the camp, and at the

end of their term of military service becoming Roman citizens together with their families, and remaining as settlers in the land they had defended.

Two fragmentary papyri found at Oxyrhynchus even contain 'Sayings of Jesus,' and these are not from any known Gospel nor do they agree with what we know of any of the lost Gospels of the early Church, but they excellently illustrate the kind of documents that must have circulated in Christian churches at the time when the present Gospels were written, and for a generation or so thereafter. It may well be that the *Oxyrhynchus Logia*, or 'Sayings of Jesus,' date from the second century in their present form, but the needs of the Early Church called them into being, and those needs must have been present from the very early days of the establishment of Christian communities.

As soon as the eyewitnesses of the great story of Christianity had passed on and the living word could no longer inspire Christians to noble life and pure belief, there came the need for the written record. This need would have been felt earlier in some churches than in others, and in many materials for the formation of a Gospel story would hardly have been adequate. Borrowing was inevitable. Yet we are sure

that many forms of the Gospel story, besides those now contained in the New Testament, circulated in Christian communities during the latter part of the first century and much of the second. Such (Continued on page 25)



LUKE MARK  
Reproduction of one of the wooden covers of the fourth century  
from the Freer Manuscript.

From somewhat later times come Christian letters and documents connected with persecutions, illustrating in wonderful manner the writings of the New Testament and the history of the early Church.





## MR. FORD'S PAGE

**T**HE optimist may be a fool who has lost his balance wheel; the pessimist may be a wise man who has lost his buoyancy, which is faith founded on knowledge. Or the optimist may be a wise man who has declined to recognize one-half of life; and the pessimist may be a fool who has let his reason be overpowered by a set of ruffian facts. In any case, both are useless as far as directing the march of humanity is concerned. There is probably something of value in each of these temperaments, something of truth in each of these points of view; it is characteristic of life that absolute zero is unknown in the human plane.

Yet, the extremist is the one person who is most readily heard, although he is the one person to whom we consistently refuse to give over the reins. Extremes of every sort may become something of 'successes' among us, and may provide another illustration for the argument that we are a thoughtless, mindless, misdirected generation. But there is another point of view.

It may be granted that the readiness with which the majority listen to extremists is evidence of the possibility of both extremes being within most persons, according to temperament. But it may also be said with some confidence in the importance of it, that the fact that people do not follow the extremists in great numbers suggests another use for them which we have not recognized.

May it not be that instinctively, and perhaps inarticulately, the people regard the extremes as limits: not as gates opening beyond, but as marking the utmost limit that we may go in their direction. Now, here may be the deep source of the difference between the extremists themselves and the people who hear them but refuse to follow them or to give them power. The extremist himself believes that his extreme is the mouth of a new river of life up which the race may sail to endless paradise, a gate of new opportunity which has remained sealed to humanity until he came along to open it. The extremist must believe this to be an extremist. He has no idea of marking a limit, he believes that he is signaling a new opening for the race.

The people, however, see, as it were, the channel of their progress marked on either side by these limit lights. On the right hand the extreme warning lights of conservatism, on the left the extreme warning lights of radicalism; on the right hand the extreme of optimism, on the left the extreme of pessimism; on the right the extreme of unearthly

and unnatural spirituality, on the left the lurid lights of equally unnatural materialism; on the right an uncontained, unanchored and irresponsible altruism, on the left abysmal philosophy of selfishness. All down the channel these extreme lights, right and left, marking the outer limits of safety, beyond which there is no navigation, but menace of shipwreck.

The people are heeding the lights, but not steering toward them; they are not regarding those lights as port lights; they are steering between them.

These are not the extremes the people seek.

These are limits—the shoal lights. The extremes which the people seek are extensions. They instinctively know the meaning of those lights alongside the channel; they know they are to be heeded, but not made a goal; they know that the kind of leading which their souls of progress crave must be of another kind, must shine above the channel along which they move. Limitations, when personal, mark the way a man must go—they are not obstacles but guideposts—he does not go toward them, but between them; and it is the same with the limitations of view marked by the extremists.

It will thus be seen that as society moves along the way that it is to go, a comparatively easy feat is to swing to one side of the march, right or left, and from these extremes of the line attract attention. It is in fact very easy. Extremes, boundaries, peaks, road-ends, walls, shorelines, capes, always attract attention.

A man who veers to the extreme 'right' of a question is doing precisely the same thing as a man who veers to the extreme 'left' of the same question, and both of them simply measure for the mass of people the distance the question will stretch sidewise. There is no progress in either. There is no light ahead. To mark the end of the line may serve a purpose, but to bow the line forward from the middle or any other point is a great achievement. It is not of record that the line ever starts its forward march from the right or left extreme. The line cannot be pulled around and through the extreme right or the extreme left, making it the point of departure for a new forward movement. The line moves from the center, as a rule. The whole line moves, even the extremes, for the extremes of yesterday are not those of today, nor have we moved through the extremes of yesterday to reach the position of today.

*NEITHER optimist nor pessimist will ever be trusted with the reins. People are interested in extremists, but do not place responsible power in their hands. Extremists measure the distance sidewise, they do not extend the road in front. They are like channel lights that mark the shoals on either side, something to steer by, but not to steer toward. Extremists are useful as limits—and there are two extremes to everything. But we are not journeying to limits, we are journeying between them. Progress comes that way. It will loose many minds from needless burdens if they can learn to look upon extremists, not as leaders, but as waylights showing the width of the road on either side.*



# EDITORIALS

## Clemenceau Should Go On

WHEN Clemenceau speaks the world listens with respect. His open letter addressed to the President of the United States, but obviously intended for the people of this country, is received with more interest than many a correct diplomatic document because of the character and career of the man who wrote it. But with his great gift of plain speech, the wonder is that Clemenceau did not disclose to us the thought of his mind. He seems to assume that the plight of France is due to the United States, yet he does not tell us how. He says: 'France is not for sale even to her friends,' a fact of which we are aware, and whose implications we guarded when it was a question of armed enemies. Unfortunately he did not indicate what he thinks we have to do with the fall of the franc. He implies that the debt France owes us and the payments required are the cause of the trouble, but since no payments have been made, how can that be so? He addresses us with an injured air, but fails to point out the injury which he intimates we have inflicted on his country. He speaks darkly of banks and bankers, but does not name them.

If Clemenceau sees what is the source of the world trouble, he should speak out. He is now an old man who can afford himself the luxury of expressing the fullest truth as he conceives it. The world craves the diplomacy of truth. The letter which he wrote seems but the tentative opening of a conversation, and we wish he would go on. There is no man in France to whom a more careful hearing would be granted by the American people. But he leaves the whole question in the fog which conceals it from our people.

It is clear to us—and it is about the only thing that is clear—that the whole question of international settlements has been sadly muddled. The term 'settlements' is a misnomer; they seem rather unsettlements. The American people have been told by Mr. Mellon that we are not collecting a penny of war debts from France, nor even asking for any. We are told that the only matter pending is the repayment of money loaned after the war. M. Clemenceau should at least have indicated his awareness of such a statement having been made by an important member of the Cabinet and the custodian of our national funds. Does he believe it or not? If it is true, does it change the aspect of the case?

## News From Mexico

LIKE the Aimee Semple McPherson matter, the news printed as coming from Mexico reflects the color of its sources and the editorial channels through which it passes. There has hardly been in recent years so determined an attempt to create opinion by headlines unsupported by facts as was evident in the case of the California woman evangelist. As to the case itself, we have no opinion. We did not investigate it. Our interest was limited to the methods by which the press purveys the news to the people and how far it will go in its efforts to make prejudice do duty for facts.

In the city where this is written, our morning paper has regularly regaled us with black headlines across the top of the first page announcing the slaughter of devout priests and worshipers in Mexico. And as regularly our evening paper has printed the *Associated Press* reports denying that anything of the sort had occurred. One or the other is true. But one of them bears every semblance of a press campaign to create a certain temper of public opinion in the United States. Whether the purpose of this be political or religious need not be pronounced upon now. But surely we have advanced far enough in the science of publicity to know that the American people are now immune to headlines and to false statements. They have been misused too flagrantly in the past to be used efficiently now, without the strongest background of certified fact.

For the time being, if the conditions in Mexico continue, the American people will do well to test its news, that an intelligent public opinion may be formed.

## The Idle Rich—and Poor

THE idle rich, declares Sir Josiah Stamp, the noted British economist, are no more. Of all the millions of England's population, he classes not more than a thousand as idle rich, an infinitesimal number. And these are rapidly passing the way of their brethren.

That's interesting. It's interesting because it points the trend of the times. Under present economic conditions it is becoming almost impossible to be both idle and rich. Idle and poor is easy enough—thousands of dole-drawing Britons attest that fact—but England is beginning to realize that the dole is one of the greatest economic mistakes of her entire history. And the world is slowly groping toward an



age when *all* men must produce to live. Economic pressure is bearing the idler and the parasite under its rising flood.

Leisure will hold an important place in the new scheme of things—a highly important place—but it will be the leisure of the worker, not the idler. It will be a leisure begotten of labor to enjoy the fruits of that leisure. It will not be, as so often in the past, mere sluggish idleness. The old aristocrat theory that idleness is something sacrosanct and graceful, and that work is of itself degrading, has passed into the limbo of Munchausen's tales. It is almost never encountered now outside of sycophantic novels. The responsibilities of wealth outweigh its privileges.

Men do not have to work as hard as formerly, *but more men work*. Invention and management have combined to lift the heaviest burdens from humanity's shoulders, but in the gradual evolution of the new order the non-producer is being eliminated. The 'idle rich' are becoming the 'idle poor.'

### *The Appearance*

THE new Josephus, or rather the oldest translation of Josephus, lately brought to public attention from Russia, is attracting much attention from the scholars, and equal attention from the public, on account of the readiness of the more scholarly Jewish rabbis to accept it as reliable testimony to the historicity of Jesus of Nazareth. Public attention centers, as is natural, around that curiosity which all have as to the physical appearance of the heroes of the race. The descriptions of Jesus that have been given differ very widely. It is not unusual for equally well-informed men to seize upon opposite characteristics as most descriptive of their friend or hero.

In some accounts He was all beauty and gave forth the impression of compassionate power. In others He was a man of very ordinary, or even less than ordinary appearance. The Christian interpretation of the prophecies relating to Jesus refer to His marred appearance, as St. Paul referred to himself as physically contemptible. The Russian Josephus describes Jesus as a man of middle height, stooping shoulders, a long face, a prominent nose, eyebrows that grew together and could be frightening to the people, altogether a simple pose in strange contrast with the power He exerted.

Which may all be true. Of clerical sleekness naturally He would have none. He was something of a nomad. He slept much out-of-doors. He consorted with the poor more than with the rich. Any man seeing the world as He saw it would bear the mark of it on his face. It might even be that if we knew him as He was, we

might, in the language of Scripture, see nothing in Him that we might desire Him. Idols in the flesh are usually disappointing. And it was not upon such idolatry that He wished His influence to rest.

### *A Spade's a Spade*

SEVERAL months ago THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT took note of the fact that four race tracks in Ohio were operating and conducting 'mutual pools' on the results of horse races, claiming that a statement on the backs of the mutual tickets sold (and cashed if the wagers were won) to the effect that the money put up was a voluntary contribution. In full this statement read:

'This acknowledges receipt of sum of ..... dollars voluntarily contributed by the holder thereof as part of the purse, prize or premium to be awarded to the owner of the horse winning first, second or third place (as the case may be) in the race designated by this ticket.'

To the lay mind the transparency of this subterfuge must be evident, yet for two years several tracks operated while the matter was threshed out in the courts and one big track, representing an investment, it is said, of more than a million dollars, was built on the presumption that the 'law's delays' would at least enable its promoters to get their investment back.

On August 5 the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio defined the operations of such pools as gambling, despite the subterfuge printed on the backs of the tickets, and issued an injunction prohibiting further gambling on one of the largest of the Ohio tracks.

The loss to the promoters cannot be determined. The successful evasions in local courts has encouraged track promoters and horsemen to continue and increase their operations in the face of the inevitable and they are probably now in for greater losses than they would have been had not their shrewd attorneys fought the cases with all the technicalities and pleas for the delay legal procedure permitted or the courts would tolerate.

While the Supreme Court was in the midst of its final deliberations the officials and employes of one of the tracks were on trial in Cincinnati and their attorneys—one a former vice-mayor, another a former judge who recently declined appointment to the Federal bench, another a former president of the Ohio Bar Association—were gravely endeavoring to convince the court that an ambiguous statement on the back of a piece of pasteboard transformed a bet or wager into a something that was not gambling and was entirely legal.



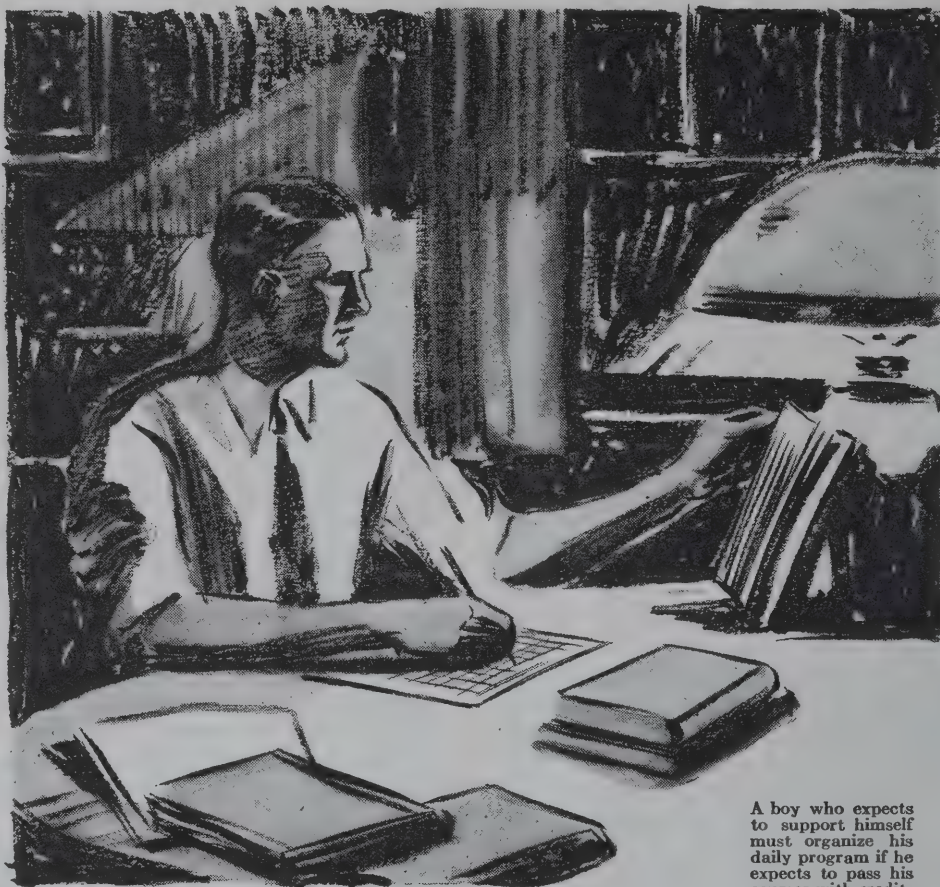
# This Business of Working Your Way Through College

A Boy Can Get Things to Do, But He Must Be Ready to Do What He Can Get

**M**AN Y stories, and very readable stories, have been written about boys working their way through colleges and universities. There is a certain romantic appeal to the whole situation of a boy who hasn't much money and who has the ambition and the nerve and the energy to set out to support himself and at the same time gain for himself an education. He appeals to one's sympathy in the first place and one cannot help admiring the young chap who so earnestly desires a university degree that he will attempt the work of two men in trying to earn his living and study along with the other work.

In recent years, the enrollment of almost all colleges and universities has grown surprisingly, almost alarmingly to the officials who are administering these institutions. This increase in enrollment has brought to the colleges a different class of boys from the class which attended a few years ago. It hasn't been such a long time since the colleges and universities were attended only by boys or children of a wealthier class. A few young chaps braved the hardships of working their way along in those days, but there weren't very many who attempted it.

Today the average group of students in any college is a cosmopolitan group. The son of a wealthy financier from Chicago may sit in his English class next to the son of an Iowa farmer who has found that times were hard in recent years. The boy whose father scarcely speaks English and who works in the mills at Gary may be the laboratory partner in a thermodynamics experimental section of a boy whose father is a man of tremendous importance in the engineering world. Times have changed, for now a young man practically must have an education if he expects to succeed and to advance



A boy who expects to support himself must organize his daily program if he expects to pass his courses with creditable grades.

By FRED H. TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM

after he gets in the business world. It is true that the young man just out of college usually starts at about the same salary that the chap who has no education begins with, but statistics show very definitely that the man with the advanced education has a much better chance for more and rapid advancement than the man who does not have the educational background.

So in recent years it has become the thing to go to college and with this general trend there enters each year a large number of boys who are planning to work all or part of their way through the institution of their choice.

In the last few years I have seen hundreds of boys enter one of the great state universities. Of these hundreds, many come eager and ready to do almost anything to support themselves so that they may go ahead in their chosen courses. And from this group, which is so eager and ambitious, I have seen some succeed and some fail. Two very definite conclusions can be drawn from their success and failure:

First—that a boy should not attempt

to work his way through unless he absolutely must;

Second—that if it is necessary for a boy to support himself while going to college it can be done, provided he has a strong body and a reasonably alert mental capacity.

If you are not familiar with the situation in the colleges and universities, or if you have successfully worked your way through, possibly you will ask 'why?' to my first conclusion. Why shouldn't a boy work his way through if he can and wants to?

There are a good many reasons why he shouldn't. In the first place, the boy who attempts

such a thing is attempting the work of two men. A boy who is starting to work at the age when he completes his high school course can scarcely expect to earn more than enough to live on. At the same time, a boy who enters college at the age of eighteen will find that he has about as much as he can manage to carry fifteen or eighteen hours of scholastic work. The situation is a new one; the teaching is of a different type; his process of orientation is not a simple one; often he is for the first time on his own responsibility. A boy who expects to support himself entirely will find, unless he is an unusual scholar, that he must reduce his schedule of sleeping hours and organize his daily program pretty carefully if he expects to succeed and pass his courses with creditable grades.

If a boy is sufficiently capable there are a great many outside activities which he can turn to rather than work and which in training may be just as profitable. There are countless extra curricular activities; athletics, managerships, oratory and debate, dramatics, the Y. M. C. A., and so on. These are all worth while, for they develop personality and increase self-reliance to a remarkable degree.

There is still another reason why a



boy who does not need to work should not do it. If he does he is taking a job that some other boy, who must have work in order to come to school at all, might have. There are always more boys looking for work than there are places for them to earn their living. It isn't a fair sporting proposition to take a job when you don't have to, since you may be keeping a boy out altogether who would come if he could get work.

Possibly this does not seem very encouraging to the boy who is planning to work his way through when the time comes. It isn't my intention in this to be pessimistic; I'm merely stating facts. I firmly believe that a boy shouldn't try to do it unless it is absolutely necessary, but I believe just as firmly that any boy who must can do it. And he will gain certain things that the boy who does not work will have to get after he enters the business world.

He will have a thorough business training along with his theoretical school work which will place him a year or so ahead of the boy who has not worked. That is, he will have learned that to succeed in business he must be prompt, regular, neat in appearance, thoroughly honest; and he will have been well-trained in the courtesy of the business world.

He will have a knowledge of spending his own money, budgeting it so that it will be spent to the best advantage and with the greatest economy. He will probably be more inclined to save a part of his earnings if he has learned that a dollar will purchase only its own value and that dollars are not particularly easy to accumulate in large numbers. He will have greater foresight in the selection of a position after graduation, judging the position he chooses from the point of view of future possibilities rather than from immediate higher salary.

He will be more efficient in his personal habits, for he will have learned that he must plan his day's program to the best advantage if he is to get the greatest benefit from each hour in the day. By that I mean that he will have his days definitely planned with certain duties coming at regular times in the day. He will appreciate the value of recreation and save a certain part of the day for this very important function. He will be more likely to have definite and regular sleeping hours.

Finally, he will have the personal satisfaction of having done a job and done it well.

A great many factors are involved in what a boy who plans to work his way through shall do. He must choose something that he can do. The size of the city in which the institution is located will affect the possibilities quite seriously. All too often he must take whatever he can get, because of the demand for places. His chosen course will have an important bearing on the amount of work that he can do, for agriculture and engineering require much more time in class than courses in commerce and liberal arts and sciences. The attitude of the townspeople and their willingness or failure to cooperate with students needing work will be important.

The freshman in college must realize before he goes that he will not be able to get the best type of work, for all the best places are taken by upper classmen from the year before. The freshman should not attempt to start unless he has enough money to carry him for a time, so that if work is not immediately available he will be able to continue until he finds something. The commonest and best possibility for

a freshman is to plan to work for his board, which means that he will get better food than he can buy and save the largest single item in the year's expense.

There are three types of work which a freshman, or any student, may do to earn his board. He may be a waiter in either a restaurant, boarding club, or organized house. He may prefer to work in the kitchen and there he may be a cook's assistant or a dishwasher. These three types usually require about

one hour's work for each meal, so that a student will work three hours a day for his board, but he will get



The freshman must realize that he will not be able to get the best type of work.

in return food which he could not buy with the money earned on part time for three hours. In general, work for one's board returns in food values sixty-five to eighty cents an hour. A fourth type of work for board is done by upper classmen and is acting as the manager or commissary of a boarding club. The work which such a manager does is to solicit members of the club and keep the table filled and to collect the money and keep the accounts of the members. The larger clubs pay their commissaries a cash wage besides their board.

Next to working for one's board the commonest method is to work for the room to be occupied. Many citizens of college communities have a room in their homes which they save for some boy who is expected to give in return for the room his services to a reasonable degree. He will be asked to fire and care for the furnace in the winter. In the autumn and spring he will be expected to care for the lawn. If additional work is desired, such as waxing floors, washing windows, and general cleaning, he will probably receive additional pay at a rate of thirty-five to fifty cents an hour. The boy who finds a good home where he can work for his room is indeed fortunate, for he will receive better treatment and have more of a real home while in college than any other student.

Some landladies who keep large rooming houses employ a boy or two to assist in the general policing of the house—making the beds, emptying the wastebaskets, and so on, and give in return a room in their houses. They may pay additional if the work is heavy.

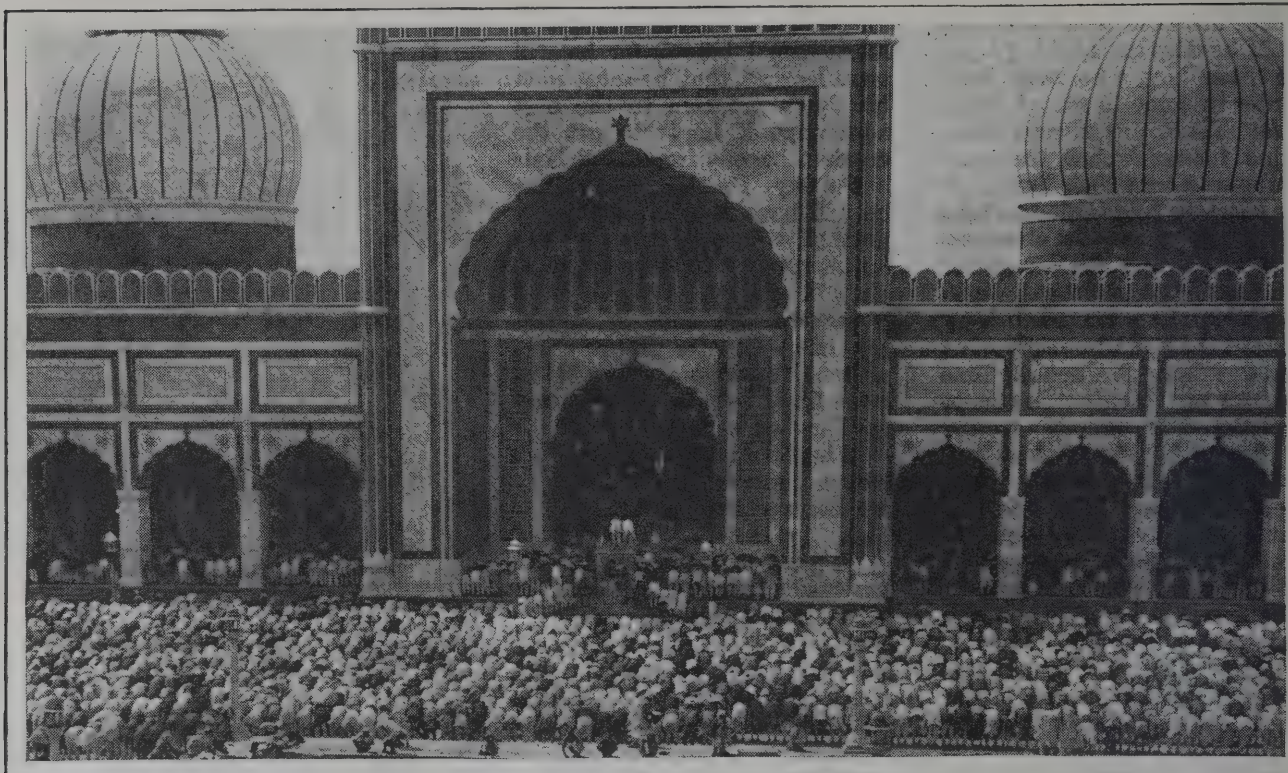
A boy who is lively may secure several furnaces to fire during the winter months and make good money by so doing, being paid a flat rate or by the hour. The average wages amount to thirty-five to fifty cents an hour. He may also se-

(Concluded on page 18)



The selling game is worked to the limit.





(C) Photos, Ewing Galloway.  
Ten thousand Moslems kneeling  
in prayer at a service in the  
Great Mosque of Delhi, India.

Muhammedanism, Said to Be a Blend of the Jewish and Christian Faiths, With Hundreds of Millions of Adherents, Claims It Is

## The Most Misunderstood Religion

**T**HE Moslem religion is perhaps the most misunderstood of the great revealed religions of the world. Many worthy men who should have known better have condemned its founder as an impostor and declared his religion to be due to 'the inspiration of Satan.' It is a narrow judgment and suggests that those who have taken this uncompromising attitude have never understood St. Paul's speech to the heathen on Mars Hill at Athens, nor realized that men may worship a God who remains unknown to them.

There is something touching, soul-stirring, in the effort of Muhammed to find God, something truly heroic in his delivery of his divine message in the face of a terrible and fanatical opposition, and something pathetic even in his shortcomings.

To deny the immeasurable advance of Muhammedanism over the ancient Arab heathenism would be at the same time to deny God's mysterious activity in the history of mankind. If Muhammed had accomplished nothing more than a great moral reform in the lives of a people devoid of the higher morality of life—a reform such as never before nor since has taken place in any nation on so vast a scale—he would still deserve the admiration and gratitude of all ages. But he has done more, infinitely more; he became the instrument by which the one true God

By H. HENRY SPOER

was revealed to, and accepted by, an idolatrous race.

Certain objections may be brought against this view, namely that Muhammedan religion has little hold upon the people; that the Muhammedan countries are today, and have been for many years, in a state of decay; that there seems to be a condition of disintegration all over the Muhammedan world, a loosening of bonds which formerly made for greatness, a drying-up of springs from which, in the Middle Ages, Christian Europe received vast stores of knowledge. All this unhappily is in some degree true, but we need not think that the reason for the blight which has fallen upon Moslem countries is to be sought in the assumption that the Moslem religion is due to 'the inspiration of Satan,' as some Christian scholars have asserted, but rather in the narrow interpretation of that religion, or of certain racial and economic conditions and customs, as well as political conditions which forbade the free development of the spiritual thought which has been a saving feature of Christianity.

The Moslem religion, with its 250 millions of adherents, is sufficiently important to be understood in its origins and claims by every intelligent man and woman. I might even say that it is our

duty as Christians to know what claims the founder of this religion puts forth, and what the *Qoran*, the sacred Scripture of the Muhammedans, teaches on this point, not for the sake of finding out wherein the shortcoming of their religion lies, but rather to learn its positive values.

At the time of Muhammed there existed a small group of men who abhorred idolatry and decided to seek the true religion; they were called *Hanifs*, that is, the separated ones; they were the 'quiet in the land,' the seven thousand in Israel who had not bowed their knees to Baal. This movement shows that thinking men in Arabia were conscious of the falsity of the religion of the country. It is quite likely that Muhammed had come in touch with some of these seekers after truth; and that his mind and soul, saddened by the idolatry of his people, received new encouragement and sent him away into the solitude to find God.

Like the great spiritual leaders of the world, Buddha, Moses, St. Paul and Christ Himself, Muhammed withdrew from the turmoil of the world and in the solitude of a cave gave himself over to meditation and worship of the true Being of God. It was in the cave of Hira, a true Adullam, that Muhammed received his call to become a messenger of God. The Angel Gabriel appeared to him, he related, and pressed him into a silk cloth and said, 'Preach,'



but Muhammed said, 'I cannot preach.' The angel pressed him again into the silk cloth and repeated his order, upon which Muhammed said: 'What shall I preach?' Then the angel gave him this commission: 'Preach in the name of thy Lord who has created man out of congealed blood. Preach, for He is merciful.' This call came to Muhammed as it had come to others before him, and after much mental and spiritual suffering, sent him forth finally as a preacher of what he believed to be a message from God to his people.

The question now arises: Was Muhammed really a prophet? He himself claims to be a prophet of God, the last of the prophets. What is a prophet? A prophet is a man who is aglow with a message from God which he must deliver, whether he likes it or not. We see this strikingly illustrated in the case of Amos, who was seized by the Spirit of God and sent as His messenger. It was the same divine impulse which drove Muhammed, a naturally timid man, out of his seclusion, to deliver his message to an unbelieving and antagonistic people.

If we were to refuse to Muhammed the title of messenger or prophet of God, because the best parts of his teaching are not original but of Jewish and Christian origin, we should thereby disqualify some of the recognized prophets of the Bible. Muhammed had made these teachings so entirely his own spiritual property that he might regard them, quite justly, as direct inspirations from God, which he was ordered to preach to his fellow-men for their salvation; a fact to which he refers often in the *Qoran*. (cf. Sura 5:7; 6:15; 10:16; 39:15.) And I do not believe that we can justly deny to Muhammed the title of prophet and messenger of God to the people of Arabia. Jesus was 'more than a prophet'; He was the Messiah, the Son of God, who by His death and sacrifice brought salvation to a world lying in darkness.

Muhammed had to proclaim his gospel in the face of great opposition. His former friends turned away from him, mockery and contempt followed him everywhere, and his followers were slaves, freedmen and the humblest of the people. But in the consciousness of his divine mission he persevered,

even in the face of actual enmity; so strong was the inward voice that he followed its bidding in spite of personal suffering.

The impression which Muhammed's sincerity made upon some of his fellow-men is best understood by the fact that one of the most influential men of Mekka, Abu Taleb, his uncle, who had absolutely no inclination to Muhammed's new faith, which he regarded as foolishness, protected him against his fellow-citizens till his own death three years after Muhammed's public appearance.

The positive religious influences which worked upon Muhammed were, as already stated, Jewish and Christian. However, that Muhammed had no first-hand knowledge of the Scriptures is proved by the fact that the Old Testament stories which he quotes are far removed from the originals,

being enlarged with all kinds of fanciful matter, such as is found in the Haggada. The only correct quotation from the Bible is from Psalm 37:29 (Sura 21:105) 'The righteous shall inherit the land.'

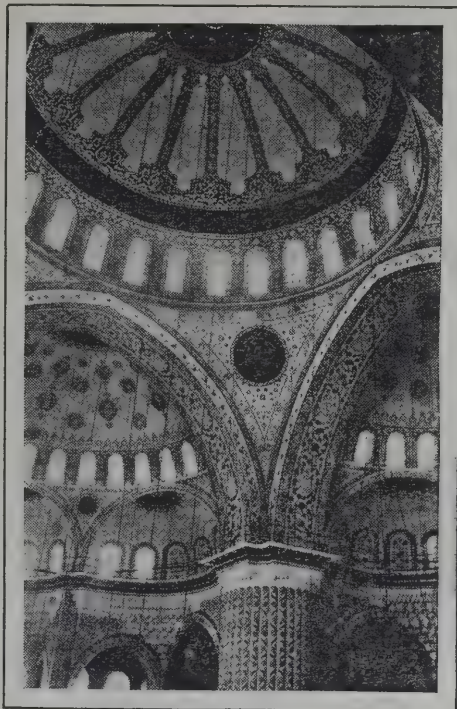
The stories which he relates from the New Testament are equally legendary. The influence of the Gospels upon

Islam is less than that of the Old Testament. This is not surprising, as the Jews were very numerous in the district of Yathrib, in the neighborhood of Mekka; nor need it surprise us to find that the central doctrine of Islam—the Moslem Confession of Faith which asserts the absolute unity of God, 'There is no God but Allah'—is taken from II Samuel 22:32, which verse reads in the Hebrew: 'Who is God but Yahve!' and in the Targum, that is, the popular explanation of the Hebrew text, 'There is no God but Yahve.' This is the form which Muhammed's rendering most nearly resembles, which shows again that he drew his information from secondary sources.

Another illustration, showing the dependence of Muhammed upon Jewish and Christian religious thought, is the opening chapter of the *Qoran*, the Fatiha. This sura is entirely composed of Jewish and Christian elements. It is used as a daily prayer, and Muhammed is reported as having said that no divine worship has value in which the Fatiha is not used. It occupies in Islam the position which the Lord's Prayer does in the Christian Church, and, as far as its contents are concerned, it might profitably be used by all:

'In the name of God the Merciful,  
the Compassionate.  
Praise be to God, the Lord of all  
the worlds,  
The Merciful One, the Compassionate,  
The King of the Day of Judgment  
Thee we serve and Thee we invoke  
for help;  
Guide us into the right path,  
The path of those to whom Thou  
art gracious,  
Not of those with whom Thou art  
angry, nor of the erring.'

(Continued on page 23)



Marvelous decoration in the dome of the Mosque of Sultan Akhmed, Constantinople.



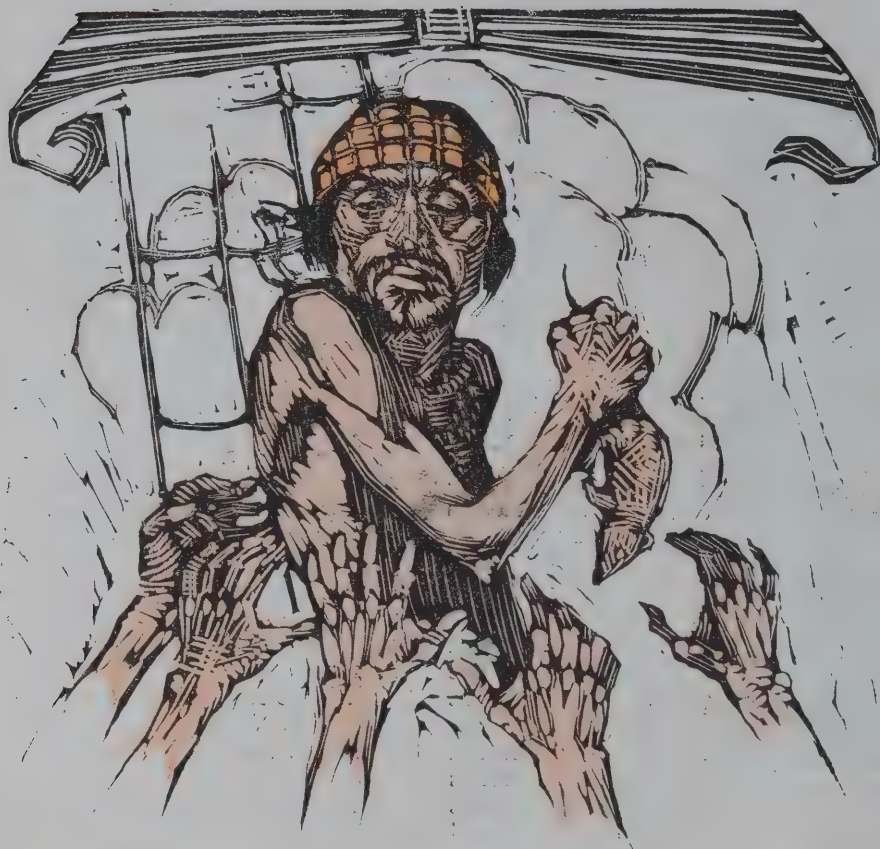
General view of Mekka, toward which all Moslems pray. In the center is the Great Mosque, inclosing the Kaaba (the black cubical building) which enshrines the famous Black Stone.



# The Voyage of the Victoria

BY CHARLES J. FINGER

WOODCUTS BY  
PAUL HONORE



Each day the men of the *San Antonio* grew more grisly because of starvation, more pitifully hideous because of disease. "Did a man chance to catch a rat, there were those willing to pay for it."

## DESERTION of the SAN ANTONIO

Tenth of a Series

**M**AGELLAN made no notes and no observations. Without the diary of Alba, his passage through the strait would have remained a blank. Pigafetta was interested in a romantic kind of way. Sebastian del Cano was always under suspicion and did not commit himself to writing until Magellan was dead. So what we know about the desertion of the *San Antonio* comes from a letter quoted by Navarrete, vol. iv, p. 201, written by Juan Lopez de Recalde to the Bishop of Burgos, and the story told by Sebastian del Cano, Francisco Alba and Hernando Bustamente to the court at Valladolid, when the *Victoria* finished her voyage. That report was dated October 18, 1522. As to the probable movements of the ships, I set them down after cruising in the same waters, not as actualities but as strong likelihoods.

The *San Antonio* then was under command of Magellan's cousin, Mesquita, upon whom Magellan relied as

trustworthy rather than as navigator. On board was Estevan Gomez, experienced navigator, once pilot of the flagship, a man perhaps not brilliant, but sober-minded, and very efficient in administration according to his later doings when seeking a northwest passage. He had quarreled with Magellan, objecting to all that cruelty and revenge at St. Julian, though he was the admiral's countryman and appointee. The *San Antonio* was overcrowded, her original complement of men being increased to seventy. As it looked to the men of the *San Antonio*, when there was stiff work to be done, their ship was sent forward while the flagship lay at anchor. Moreover, because of Mesquita's lack of knowledge of seamanship, given a question to decide, he had to consult Gomez.

The route taken by the *San Antonio* is not known, but at the point where the ships separated, at the northern end of Dawson Island, there were what seemed to be three fjords. That leading northwest Magellan took. It is fair to assume that Serrao, in the *Concepcion*, went due south and rounded Dawson Island to meet Magellan later at El Morro de S. Aguieda. That would leave the fjord opening in a southeasterly direction to the *San Antonio*.

That opening is a deep gash in the Tierra del Fuegian coast, now called Admiralty Sound. So the *San Antonio* would have traversed fifty miles of wind-torn water to find the stretch ending in glaciated hills. That irritation found vent in murmurings, murmurings in open discontent, is easily understood.

We piece together this and that as told afterward; Mesquita's order for the ship to work back out of the *cul-de-sac* and make the rendezvous with Magellan, Gomez disputing with him, Mesquita ordering him to retire and enforcing the command by laying his hand on his dagger. Then Gomez leaped at the captain, stabbed at him and missed his eye by an inch. So everywhere was confusion and disorder, Mesquita prone on the deck, Guerra sword in hand declaring himself captain and Gomez pilot, the haggard and worn men quick to catch the mutinous spirit shouting for Spain and the new command. They had taken part in a high-handed game and were homeward bound, and all that boisterous business of blood-letting paled into insignificance for a time. As for Mesquita, he was chained in a cabin. Two days later the *San Antonio* was well on her way toward the Atlantic Ocean.

They touched at St. Julian, anchored awhile and tried to find Juan de Cartagena and the priest, but without success. Guerra, a relative of Christopher de Haro, the merchant, managed things with sagacity and good judgment, putting in at Guinea for fresh water and provisions and bringing the ship to port at Seville, Wednesday, May 6, 1521.\*

Meantime, in the straits, when it became known that the *San Antonio* had deserted, for there was a searching of the straits to make sure that there had been no wreck, Magellan seems to have grown alarmed. His saner self seems to have realized with a shock that he had been criminally violent and self-willed. The mood had outcome in a general order, issued November 21, 1520, in which he said that he sought advice from his associates,

\*As might be expected, there was an investigation by the India House, and Magellan was denounced for his acts of brutality at St. Julian, for recklessness and for losing time without reasonable cause. The Council of the Indies ordered a ship to go to St. Julian for the rescue of Cartagena, but the order does not seem to have been enforced. Mesquita was put in prison to await trial upon the return of Magellan, and later, because of the activities of other factions, both Gomez and Guerra were arrested.



would welcome the open expression of opinion, and hoped that no man would refrain from saying what he thought on account of the affair at St. Julian.

Whether that order brought any written suggestion can never be known. Sebastian del Cano, the man of self-discipline, certainly never committed himself to writing while Magellan lived. Perhaps any objection or suggestion seemed ridiculous in the face of Magellan's determination to go ahead in spite of everything. However that may be, the fleet passed into the Pacific Ocean on the evening of November 28, 1520, after having been thirty-eight days in the straits, covering a distance of 320 miles.

During that time there had been made no observation of any great value, nor any detailed report. The world knew only that there was a strait, much as it had suspected from the report of that earlier explorer sent out by Christopher de Haro. But for a true description it had to wait until 1579 and 1580, when Pedro Sarmiento did valuable and lasting work. Magellan's only aim was to push on and on, perhaps to find a route to the Moluccas, perhaps to join his friend Serrao with intent to do we know not what, and shall never know. If it was to deliver the fleet over to him, as some have supposed, it was as daring a piece of business as was ever conceived.

On the day when the *San Antonio* sailed into the Spanish port, Magellan's three ships sighted a bluish mist in the Pacific expanse which gradually took on outline as a conical peak. The wind was light and the sea unruffled, so their progress was almost imperceptible until noon, when the wind freshened a little. Magellan altered the course to make for the larger island, and so they came to Guam, where they dropped anchor. It was the first anchorage after ninety-eight days of sailing across an unknown sea, 'so vast that the human mind can scarcely grasp it,' wrote Maximilian, of the house of de Haro.

For ninety-eight days they had been in a latitude in which, according to Varenius, the sailors setting out from

Chile could fall asleep without paying attention to the rudder, with the certainty of being gently driven by the wind across the calm waters of the Pacific to the shores of the Philippines. There had been days of maddening idleness when there was brooding stillness on the world, when the sails hung motionless and time seemed to stand still and when the sea became a burnished torment. Day after day the blazing sun climbed a beryl sky, and gaunt and hollow-eyed men stared over an amethyst ocean. There were days of blue and gold monotony when life-weary men stood listless or sat with closed eyes because they knew every seam and furrow in the faces of their fellows, knew every patch and every stain of each sail, knew every knot in

were those on board willing to pay half a ducat for it,' writes Pigafetta. At last, 'so great was the want of food, that we were forced to eat the hides on the main yards which were there to prevent the chafing of the rigging. These hides, exposed to sun and rain, were so hard that we were obliged to soften them by putting them overboard for four or five days, after which we put them on the embers and ate them thus.' But at last on March 6, they came to the tree-clad island of Guam where they heard the screaming of birds and scented the smell of the land, and again saw human beings. They were Indians in strange boats, with sails of bark and outriggers, and the natives 'handled them so quickly and skillfully that it was a marvel to see.'

They had seen land before that, but it was uninhabited. It was on the fiftieth day out after leaving the straits, and on January 24, 1521. Magellan named it San Pablo, and the pilot Alba put it in 16° 15' S. On February 4, two hundred leagues farther, they came to another island which they named Tiburon, and the two they called Las Desventuradas, but the islands cannot be identified with any accuracy though guesses have been made that they were in the Tuamotu Archipelago and in the Manihiki group. The latitudes and longitudes of these do not tally with the location as given by Alba.

However, we are certain about Guam. For East and West had met and very soon there were misunderstandings and clashings and struggles for mastery and death. It was the old story of society pitted against society in the struggle for existence. On one hand there were half-starved sailors im-

bued with the notion that they and their people stood on star-crowned heights, that they were lords of the world and that all dark-skinned people were little better than brute beasts. On the other side were the islanders with no ideas of private ownership, no knowledge of anything but a life of unfettered individualism, perhaps regarding all that display of flags and that firing of guns

(Concluded on page 28)



But at last they came to Guam. To the islanders, the strange invaders seemed to have many things for which they had little use.

the woodwork. And each day men grew more grisly because of starvation, more pitifully hideous because of disease. They 'ate by ounces' and 'as they drank water, they held their noses because of the stench of it.' The biscuit was 'a powder full of worms,' and 'stinking with the urine of rats.' To such torments were they pushed, that 'did a man chance to catch a rat, there



# Working Your Way Through College

(Concluded from page 13)

cure a good many odd jobs of mowing and raking lawns, cleaning windows, and helping in house cleaning. The wages are about the same as for firing furnaces.

Quite a number of boys are able to make from seven to ten dollars a week delivering papers. The work is outside work, and may take the place of outdoor recreation; the hours are not always the best but the work is steady and the pay is good. Still others earn from seven to fifteen dollars a week collecting for laundries. The local laundries hire students to make their collections and some pay a regular salary, or will pay on a commission basis if the student desires such an arrangement.

Almost any business establishment can use one or more students. They may not be able to use student clerks but they can use a student janitor. If they use clerks they will pay from thirty-five to seventy-five cents an hour, and usually give the privilege of allowing the students to buy goods at cost. Such an arrangement is of especial value when the students can secure work in men's furnishing stores, for it means that they will be able to save quite a little on their clothes.

These are the common ways. The other ways are limited only by the ingenuity and the cleverness of the students.

The selling game is one which is worked to the limit. Students sell everything imaginable and make excellent profits; their sales ability and the desirability of the article which they sell might be given as about the only restrictions on the amount which they will earn in the time available outside of school hours.

Almost all students seem to have voracious appetites, and it would seem reasonable that food should be an article which could readily be sold by students to students. I have known several young men who have made from five to ten dollars a night by going from house to house with a basket of sandwiches, little pies, apples, and bar candy.

Honor apple stands have helped a number of boys through universities. This idea was originated about seven years ago, also by an athlete who was an All-American linesman. His plan was to establish small stands on prominent corners and fill the stand each morning with inviting looking apples. A small lock box with a slot and a sign giving the price of the apples completes the equipment, and such stands may be made to yield very excellent profits.

Student agents make good commissions selling butter, groceries, coffee, meats, canned fruits, and high-grade grocery specialties of all kinds to cooks and commissaries. A boy who has one standard article will likely do better at this than one carrying a whole grocery line. He can more easily interest the cooks in some one article than he can a complete line which is in competition with the local stores.

Household supplies will sell almost as readily, not only to organized houses but to townspeople. Furniture polish, floor wax, aluminum cooking utensils, brushes, soap, scouring powder—all these articles are in everyday use and can usually be sold quite readily by an active student agent.

The selling of clothes is a more delicate proposition, but a boy who dresses well and makes a 'good appearance' can ordinarily make good money by going to the fraternity houses and larger rooming houses with a new and up-to-date line of haberdashery. Neckties, belts, handkerchiefs, scarfs, if attractive and reasonable in price, are sold by student agents on every college campus. A number of stores in college towns employ students to take displays of their stock

## Book-Selling Game Is Good

supplies from house to house. The students show the articles and take orders, or they may pass out cards to the men in the house and any student presenting such a card at the store marks up a sales credit for the man who made the display.

There are a number of articles which might be classed as luxuries which student salesmen dispose of readily. The book-selling game is an old one, but is one which has never failed if properly handled. I have watched a boy for several years who took orders for Christmas trees during the autumn and delivered them the week before Christmas. He makes enough to support himself for the full year by this work. Christmas cards are another field which a number of students work to the limit. One man of my acquaintance averages from eight hundred to a thousand dollars a year in profits from selling Christmas greeting cards. With all the social life of a college community, dance programs and expensive novelty favors are a decidedly lucrative opportunity which is not passed by. Fraternity jewelry and crested stationery find a ready market. Sporting goods, especially golf clubs and golf balls, are sold by several students in each community. The best arrangement for such a plan is to work on a commission basis with some local sporting goods store.

Student insurance salesmen often make excellent profits from their sales. A knowledge of insurance is of course necessary, but the man who applies himself and really learns the game can make high wages.

The sale of pressing tickets offers an opportunity for several students to earn their way. The business of pressing and cleaning clothes is carried on on an extensive scale in college towns, and students are employed to sell these pressing tickets which give a reduced rate on quantity purchase in advance.

The recent development of bus service, especially special chartered service, has given work to several students who sell space on buses to football games. The commissions on this type of work are not so regular but they are quite profitable.

The selling game is a good one, but it is no better than still another type of work fol-

## A Dollar an Hour Making Pies

lowed by students who are proficient in some particular trade or who are skilled workmen of one kind or another. Naturally some lines pay much better than others, but if a student is blessed with some skill in a pursuit he will probably be able to help himself materially. These trades may be classified according to the wages which the workers receive. Thirty-five to fifty cents an hour may be made by typists or bookkeepers.

Excellent typists may make more, as may also bookkeepers who are unusually proficient. Library and laboratory assistants earn about the same amount. Some universities offer an opportunity for a few students to help themselves by acting as models for classes in art and design.

Fifty cents to a dollar an hour, a better wage, may be earned by students who have learned carpentering. They can find many odd jobs of repair and possibly regular work at this rate. Stenographers and mimeograph operators earn wages in this range according to their skill. Almost all barber shops in college communities have a chair at the back to be used by a student barber. He may earn much more than this if he is a skilled barber and can build up his reputation. Students who have learned the tinner's trade, or are painters, may almost always be assured of work. I have known two boys to make a dollar an hour making pies in local bake shops. Engineering students, if skillful at lettering—especially Old English lettering—can make at least a dollar an hour, and if they contract for piece work can often make much more.

Expert table waiters can earn from a dollar to two dollars an hour in their spare time. This usually requires considerable previous experience, but is a good chance for a man who can do it. If a boy has learned engraving while in high school he may be assured of work when he goes to college, provided, of course, that he is a good workman. If a boy has worked as a printer's helper or is a linotype operator he can usually find more work than he can conveniently do.

One or two boys who are excellent golfers can make good money teaching golf and giving lessons in that manly art. Local stores will often co-operate by building an indoor practice driving tee, where the student can teach his pupils and show the equipment which the store has for sale.

Good musicians are always in demand for orchestra work, and piano and violin players may find a great many opportunities to play dinner music. The pay is excellent, ranging from a dollar to five dollars an hour, depending upon the skill of the player. If he is very good and can establish his popularity, he will be in great demand.

I have known students to make their expenses by keeping bees, taking care of the hives and collecting and marketing the honey. Student chauffeurs can usually earn all of their expenses. If a student is artistic he can probably earn money regularly by contracting for the decorating of houses for parties and dances. If his artistic temperament is of a different type he can usually find work instructing in dancing schools.

I have known students to earn their way by driving taxicabs, preaching in small country churches, working in dairies, mining coal, serving as policemen and deputy sheriffs, pressing clothes, driving trucks, carving wood and ivory, acting as engineers' helpers in machine shops and locomotive roundhouses, driving ambulances, helping undertakers, and even digging graves. The field has no limit; if the boy has the ingenuity to plan a new and different job, then he is all the more likely to succeed.

## The Field Has No Limit



# We Must All Hang Together or We Shall Surely Hang Separately

Thus Warned Benjamin Franklin and a  
Unanimous Vote for Independence Followed

**I**N THE test votes preceding the vote on the resolution for independence from Great Britain, it developed that Pennsylvania and Delaware were the two wobbly states. Upon which side of the question would they fall? Would the action be unanimous?

It was Shakespeare who asked many years ago, 'What's in a name?' Somebody might have propounded the same question to the Pennsylvania delegation of the Second Continental Congress; for Thomas Willing, one of the members, remained obstinately negative. In the final vote Willing and Humphreys opposed the measure while



JAMES WILSON.

Wilson, Franklin and Morton endorsed it; Robert Morris, for, and John Dickinson, against, were absent, probably paired. Morton, at first doubting the expediency of such a measure at that time, had been eventually won over by Benjamin Franklin. Pennsylvania thus managed to give its endorsement.

Dickinson had regarded the measure as utterly premature. He had pointed out the lack of funds, the woeful need of munitions, the necessity for a trained army and the apathy of certain colonies. He had also asserted that the people were not ripe for the passage of the resolution, and had thereby drawn the fire of Dr. John Witherspoon, of New Jersey.

'Not ripe!' the minister had protested. 'In my judgment we are not only ripe but rotting. Almost every colony has dropped from its parent stem. Your own province, sir, needs no more sunshine to mature it.'

This incident has been narrated before, but it does no harm to repeat it. Anyhow the action was unanimous after Caesar Rodney, having ridden all day and all night, arrived in Philadelphia and reached Congress just in time to break the Delaware tie.

'Gentlemen,' Benjamin Franklin, oldest of the delegates and signers, warned his colleagues with his justly famous truism, 'we must all hang together, or we shall surely hang separately.'

Pennsylvania proceeded to repudiate its three negative delegates. Willing, Humphreys and Dickinson were not returned to Congress. A new election was held on the twentieth day of July when George Taylor, George Ross, George Clymer, Benjamin Rush and James Smith, all strong advocates of independence, were

By  
**CARL SCHURZ  
LOWDEN**

Copyright, 1926, by  
Carl Schurz Lowden

named. These men with those retained, Franklin, Robert Morris, John Morton and James Wilson, made the Pennsylvania delegation the largest among the thirteen; also it was the only group of signers with a majority of its members elected after the decisive action of July fourth.

The oddest or most eccentric man among the signers was probably James Smith, one of the Pennsylvania newcomers. He regularly attended church each Sabbath morning, but no one could persuade him to go in the afternoon. (He had a good excuse.) 'A second sermon on the same day,' he would explain, 'puts the first entirely out of one's head.'

During the war Smith neglected his office and his iron works to organize militia, thus causing him to lose his fortune. He took his comparative poverty philosophically, and relieved his feelings by telling dozens of jokes against the two superintendents of his

iron works under whose mismanagement he had suffered heavily; he designated one of them as a knave and the other as a fool, and was scrupulously careful to keep the epithets always properly applied.

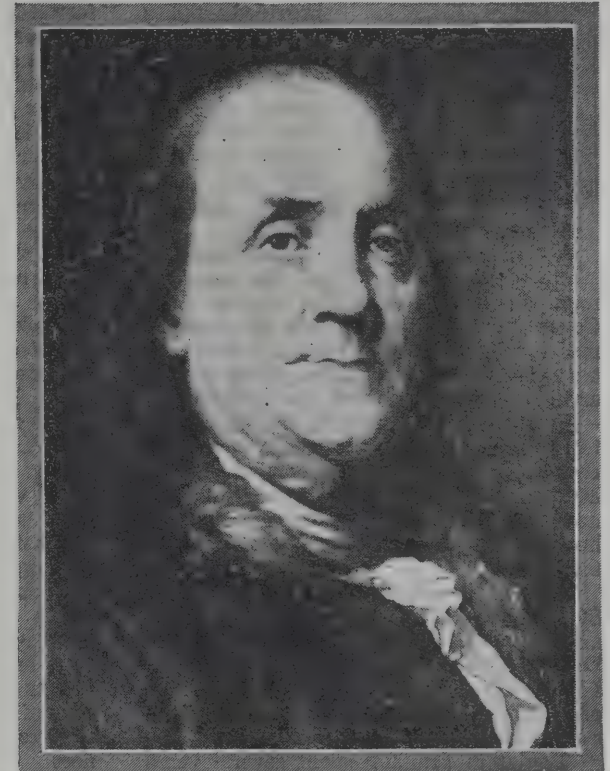
'This morning,' he wrote to his wife in October, 1776, about his health and a newly discovered cure, 'I put on the red jacket under my shirt. Yesterday I dined at Mr. Morris' and got wet going home. My shoulder troubled me, but it got better after I

had run a hot smoothing iron over it three times. This is certainly a new and cheap cure.'

I wonder if Morris had suggested the remedy. Morris was subject to asthmatic attacks. He resorted to exercise at the pump as a specific at such times, laboring as though he were saving a sinking vessel; by this means, however, it is said that he bettered himself.

Morris and Smith were good friends, and true-blue patriots. Morris was in a position to be an indispensable servant to his country. Smith had a minor rôle whereas Morris contributed vitally to the success of the Revolution; indeed, we might have failed without him.

In December, 1776, Robert Morris received a letter from General Washington.



*Beny. Franklin*

From the Duplessis painting

He needed money fifty thousand dollars, to purchase supplies, get accurate information of the enemy's movements, and to assume the offensive. Delay would endanger the whole army. Morris had helped before, but this time the request found him at the end of his resources. He was worried, so deeply worried that a Quaker saw the look of depression and was moved to inquire:

'What is the matter, friend Robert?'

'Washington,' replied Morris, with a still more serious look, 'must have fifty thousand dollars at once, and you must furnish it. My own purse is empty.'

The Quaker was silent. Why? He did not believe in war. Morris understood. Morris changed the entire complexion of the transaction.

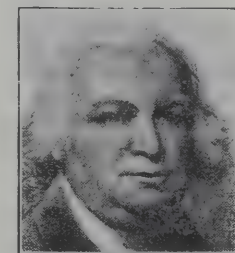
'Your security,' he explained, 'shall be my note and my honor.'

'Robert, thee shall have it.'

This personal loan, promptly accomplished, enabled Washington to give the struggling states the cheering Christmas gift of the Trenton victory, a victory which



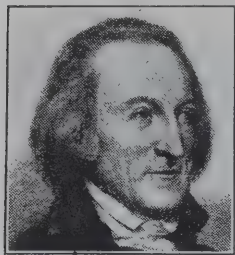
JAMES SMITH.



ROBERT MORRIS.



buoyed the hopes of the patriots and proved to be a turning point in the war. Behind the splendid work of that blustery, chilling night was Robert Morris, the man who financed the Revolution.



GEORGE CLYMER.

Morris served doubly by the liberal use of his private credit. He provided supplies for the army, and fed it; he also restored order among the soldiers when starvation and mutiny were perilously synonymous.

Practically all of the supplies required for the enterprise against Lord Cornwallis in the south were obtained by means of Morris' credit. Seventy to eighty battering cannon, a hundred pieces of field artillery completely fitted, also ammunition—all of these together with the expense of the food and pay of the troops were purchased on the personal credit of Robert Morris. In fact, this one man issued his notes to the amount of one million four hundred thousand dollars which were finally paid.

In 1781 Morris was unanimously elected Superintendent of Finance. His letter of acceptance to Congress promised, 'The United States may command everything I have except my integrity, and the loss of that would effectually disable me from serving them any further.'

Benjamin Franklin spent several years in England in an effort to obtain justice for the colonies without a war. He succeeded in getting the Stamp Act repealed, but other detested acts were retained. When he saw that it was impossible for him to gain American rights through the power of words, he returned home. The day after he landed he was named a delegate to the Continental Congress. Later he served on the committee to prepare the Declaration of Independence, and upon other committees.

He was the oldest signer. He drafted the first plan of government known as the Articles of Confederation. He was our first Postmaster-General.

He often visited the camp of Washington to consult with him upon ways and means of conducting the war.

He went to Canada to invite the people there to join with the United States. He labored devotedly for his country. His words failed in England and they failed in Canada; and yet they did not fail when failure might have meant the death of the new nation.

Who was sent to France before the close of the second year of the war to obtain aid for America? None other than Benjamin Franklin. She immediately gave secret aid, but the United States wanted an out-and-out ally known to the whole civilized world. France did not relish the idea of a clash with Great Britain. But after a year of toilsome effort a treaty was made whereby sixteen war vessels and an army of four thousand men were sent over in the summer

of 1778. The coöperation of France was a vital factor in our success, and all the glory of winning France belongs to Franklin.

One of his biographers has said:

'It is flattering to our pride to learn that the mind, character and versatile genius of Franklin have been called an epitome of all that is best in the typical American. He won as the best among us win—by straightforwardness. He introduced "shirt sleeve" diplomacy into Europe. He had shrewdness, good nature, open-mindedness, persistence and infinite knowledge of the world and of human nature.'

It is not generally known that Franklin had a rival as a laconic philosopher, a man who lived in the same state, the same city and who was also a signer of the Declaration. George Clymer, a merchant, said some very good things. I imagine their failure to attain popularity was due to lack of publicity rather than to any lack of merit. For example:

'Mere swearing in conversation is nothing but powder without ball.'

'A habit must be a practice, but a practice may not be a habit.'

'The bow that is always bent loses its spring, and the mind will never do much unless it sometimes does nothing.'

'Some men's minds are like looking-glasses; for, having no images or impressions of their own, they can but reflect those of others.'

'Monarchy is a high tower set upon a sunken plain; in a republic there may be no tower, but the general level is higher.'

Clymer owned a coffee shop in Philadelphia. One day George Washington stepped in. Though the proprietor did not know his guest, he showed him real courtesy and gave him fine service. Out of this happening there developed a friendship between the two men that lasted until their death. Later when Washington and his ragged troops were merely existing at Valley Forge, Clymer gave freely of his wealth to keep the army together.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, another signer from the Keystone State, opposed capital punishment, as also did Clymer, and they worked together so ably that they secured its diminution in Pennsylvania. He urged the establishment of free schools, wrote tracts against drunkenness, attended church whenever he could, was a founder of the Philadelphia Bible Society, was president of the organization for the abolition of slavery, was physician-general of the military hospitals for the middle department during the war, and served fourteen years as treasurer of the United States Mint.

'It is a matter of wonder,' said Dr. Ramsay, one of his associates, 'how a physician who had so many patients to attend, a professor who has so many pupils to instruct, could find leisure to write so much and at the same time so well.'

He did not seek retirement or silence, when he wrote; he composed with greater zest in the company of his friends or surrounded by his clamorous children.

Dr. Rush, together with John Adams, persuaded Thomas Paine to take up the pen in defense of the American cause. It was he who gave the name of 'Common Sense' to Paine's first paper.

He never accepted pay from the clergy, from officers of the Revolution or from poor people. He told his pupils he esteemed the poor his best patients as 'God is their paymaster.'

James Wilson, who stood staunchly by Franklin and Morton in the final vote, was a Scotsman. At various times he wielded his pen in favor of the colonies. In 1774 he boldly denied the authority of Parliament in a pamphlet entitled 'Considerations on the Nature and Extent of the Legislative Authority of the British Parliament.'

He did not cut much of a figure in Congress. Though he had studied law in the office of John Dickinson, possibly the most strenuous opponent of independence at that time, he was unable to sway his colleague. At the time of the constitutional convention in 1787, however, he had gained confidence in himself and had acquired a commanding personality. The most able debaters in the sessions were said to be James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, and Francis Lewis, of New York. Wilson, enthusiastically democratic, was one of the committee to prepare the form of the Constitution; and the task of drawing up that instrument devolved upon him.

There is little known about George Ross. When Governor Penn in 1775 wrote a letter to the colonial legislature and urged that body to refuse to break with the mother country, Ross was angered. Being one of the lawmakers, he wrote a letter to the governor, and he took pains to speak plainly.

'We are sincerely obliged to your honor,' he told him, 'for your attention to the true interests of the people over whom you preside, and would assure you that we shall always pursue such measures as shall appear necessary to secure the liberty and independence of America.'

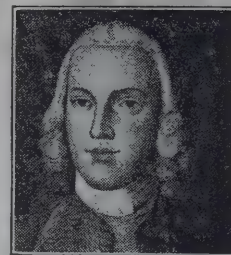
It seems that Penn never forgave Ross for his spirited reply; and that he succeeded in keeping the patriot out of Congress for a time. However, he was one of those chosen in the latter part of July, 1776, to replace the non-independence delegates.

George Taylor was a lucky individual. Born in Ireland, he came to America and

stoked a furnace for a Mr. Savage who owned an iron works. Savage, noticing his intelligence and education, asked him if he could not handle a pen better than a shovel. Transferred to the office, he became a member of the company later.

When the principal owner died, Taylor married Mrs. Savage; in this manner he acquired great wealth.

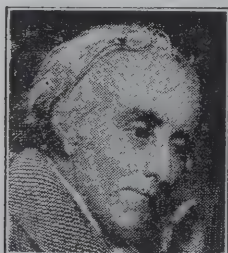
After making a bad start with unwilling delegates, the state revised its list of representatives. I doubt if any other state had among its signers three such truly noble men as Franklin, Morris and Dr. Rush.



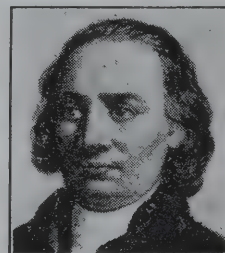
GEORGE ROSS.



GEORGE TAYLOR.



BENJAMIN RUSH.



JOHN MORTON.





## CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'In one of the eastern state capitals,' said *the Priest*, 'there is a bureau of eloquence where anyone can get a speech for any occasion. The speeches are neatly printed in large type on sheets of convenient size, and they can be laid on a rostrum and read easily. And the cost—that is one of the beauties of the system—is only three dollars a speech. If a man wants to deliver a Fourth of July address, or speak before a luncheon club, or make an after-dinner speech, all he needs to do is to write the bureau and outline his requirements. And the product isn't bad, in its way. The men who do the writing have been specially trained, and as a rule they know pretty well what they are doing.'

'Seems as though this is the age of canned goods, doesn't it? A clay disk brings us the music of the world. A turn of a dial and we can hear a Sunday morning sermon, seated comfortably in our homes. A twist of a can-opener and you have a meal, ready-prepared. Three dollars and a two-cent stamp brings a ready-to-deliver speech to your house. But somehow the substitute music, the substitute sermon, the substitute meal, the substitute speech all seem to lack something. The meal gives a little more heartburn, perhaps, than those mother used to prepare. And I wonder if the speeches don't, too? Somehow I imagine Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" would not have been so powerful or so appealing had it been prepared by a "bureau of eloquence."'

~ ~ ~

'Talk about prohibition,' said *the Photographer*, 'the only time I hear much against it is when I strike some of your big cities. I have driven from California to Michigan and have only seen two intoxicated men. Of course, I have traveled mostly through the rural sections and small towns.'

'To what do you attribute this feeling in the cities?' we asked.

'One obvious reason, of course, is the large percentage of foreign population. These fellows aren't interested in American ideals and, of course, aren't interested in upholding American law. Another reason is perhaps that this great bulk of America which lives out on the farm actually has time to think things out for itself. It is largely uninfluenced by wet newspapers and the movies.'

'Then you have no doubt as to the outcome should the matter come up for vote again?'

'Absolutely none,' replied the photographer. 'Did it ever occur to you that the reason we have so many Congressmen who will not state their views on prohibition is the fact that they know how their constituency back in the country feel about the question?'

~ ~ ~

The man from *the West* dropped into the office.

'I have twice driven across the continent,' he said, 'and each time I have had occasion to get far off the beaten track. If anyone has seen rural America, I have, and the

thing about it that impresses me most is the fact that it is fast becoming paganized.'

'What do you mean by paganized?' we inquired.

'Well, unchurched, if you want to put it that way. Do you know that rural churches are becoming a thing of the past? Religious centers seem to have changed. The time was when the strength of the church lay in the rural districts, but now, if anywhere, it seems to be in the cities. If you do not believe this, look at the building programs which are being carried on. The city is no longer putting up the ordinary church—it is building cathedrals. I went to church one Sunday morning recently in a small community church. There were nineteen in attendance. At a ball game in the afternoon there were three hundred.'

'All of which indicates what?' we queried.

'That the church is neglecting the rural field. The present generation may not suffer greatly from this neglect, but what of the next one? Most of these folks were brought up in the church but they are withholding this training from their children. Somehow it doesn't seem to me that this is a square deal for the kids.'

~ ~ ~

'I was driving through the country,' said *the Newspaperman* 'when my wife remarked the regular sequence of two institutions as we passed along. First there would be a church, then a school, then another church, and another school—schools and churches alternating all along the way.'

'That is history. At the foundation of education is religion. The school was in the church at first, just as the drama and medicine were in the church at first. The church taught the people to read; in English-speaking lands, the original purpose of teaching the people to read was that they might read the Bible. The constitutions of most of the states link religion and education as interests to be forever encouraged. Harvard began with a minister's library. Dartmouth and Yale both had religious beginnings. The University of Michigan, in our own state, began with two clergymen, and a most unusual combination it was. One of them was the Rev. John Monteith, Presbyterian, and the other was the Rev. Father Gabriel Richard, Catholic priest. They agreed on education. Most of the small colleges scattered through the land have religious foundations—Oberlin, for example; and Oberlin is the mother of many colleges.'

'You see these two institutions throughout the land, everywhere you go. Wherever the church is, there is the school. The reverse does not always follow. Sometimes the offspring forgets its source. You may talk as much as you like about the "secular" public schools, but religion is their cornerstone.'

'The drama and medicine sprang from religion. Many of the ancient medical ideas seems crude to us, but Dr. Jayne in his book, *The Healing Gods of Ancient Civilizations*, says that the ancients' idea of disease and its origin, religious and even superstitious as they may seem, are in form much like ours. The ancients said

that disease was an evil spirit that entered in at the mouth or nostrils: you have only to change a term to make it a statement of the modern germ theory. The temples were the first hospitals, and "the temple sleep" was curative. So is the quiet mind today.'

'Of course they say that these may have sprung from the church, but that they have outgrown the church. That idea is still too young to have proved itself to be true. We may be of quite a different mind in another fifty years. Anyway, religion goes on round the world, and most of the colleges you find today outside of what we call civilization are on church foundations. The church and the school—any countryside will spell you the method of progress.'

~ ~ ~

'I have passed the customs many a time,' said *the American* traveler, 'and I think I note a deterioration in the quality of the service. For one thing, it is distinctly not an American service. The alien element creeps into it more and more. It would seem to me at least essential that the guardians at America's gates be able to speak the English language. And where the service is American it is not representatively intelligent.'

'Last time I came through they asked me where I was born. I said Idaho.'

'Is that in the United States?' queried the customs officer.

'I don't know, do you?' I returned.

'He looked at me a second and grunted that I could go through.'

'The time before I was received by an Hebraic son of Russia or Poland who quite officiously took my case under consideration.'

'Und vere was it dat you vas borned?' he asked me.

'That isn't the question,' I replied; 'the real question is, where were you born?'

'Don'd get fresh,' he warned, but he passed me through without further examination.'

~ ~ ~

'The Sesqui-Centennial has received a lot of very bad publicity,' said *the Philadelphia Banker*, 'but I think it will come through. There was a very bad start. From one point of view it is possible to criticize many things that were done in real estate and concessions. I think that there can be little doubt that those closest to the affair gave most of the business to their friends. It is rather the usual practice, I believe. And there is a financial deficit. But it is a two-year show, and if the city comes through with a sufficient appropriation—and, of course, it will have to—then, I think, the exposition will finish rather satisfactorily.'

'We feel keenly the shortcomings up to date, but we blame no one but ourselves. Philadelphians have been the worst enemies of the Sesqui. Our people did not pull together, and when a crowd was found that would pull together, it was not conspicuously illustrative of the best in Philadelphia. I know the feeling abroad through the nation that Philadelphia is a corrupt city. But what Philadelphia is today she has been, to my knowledge, for fifty years'



# Why Lincoln Was Sad

(Concluded from page 6)

Abraham Lincoln's first cousin, the younger Mordecai. In many respects he strongly resembles Abraham Lincoln. He had the same kind of mind. His handwriting was strikingly similar. He had a marked inclination to satire which Abraham Lincoln had and learned to control, and Mordecai unfortunately never learned to keep in check. He had the same love of humor, and he had the same type of melancholy. He had a musical gift which Abraham aspired to but did not possess.

Mordecai played the violin. It moved him to such moods that he gave it up. He left his violin in Kentucky, though whether this was because he foreswore music then and there or because of the haste of his departure may be uncertain. He never owned a violin afterward, but whenever he went to the home of relatives or friends where there was a violin his fingers were restless till he had it in his hands, and he would walk the floor playing the fiddle till tears streamed down his cheeks and his emotions grew beyond his control. There were days when Mordecai was too profoundly sunk in melancholy to speak to anyone, days when he would go off in the woods and return at night, perhaps in his usual frame of mind, perhaps rather mirthful.

Mordecai Lincoln was a friendly man, kind-hearted, sympathetic and on occasion generous, but he was sarcastic; he was belligerent; he had an acid temper and a sharp tongue. All these qualities were possessed by his cousin, Abraham, but Abraham learned in some degree to control them. Mordecai serves well to show what were the native qualities of Abraham Lincoln. Nearly all of Abraham's cardinal traits we find writ large in Mordecai and manifest also in other members of the family.

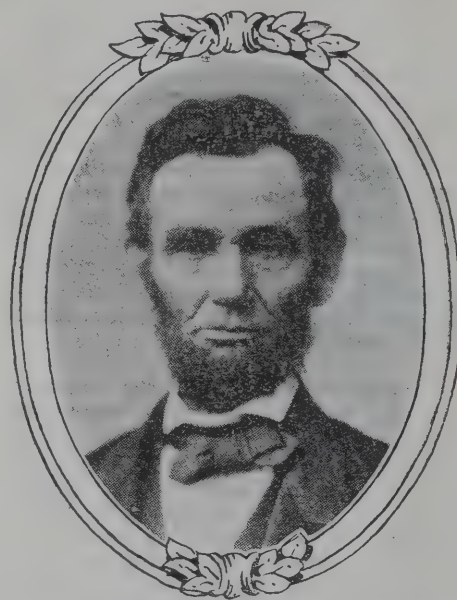
This is wholly new psychology and it is both legitimate and important. It gives us the basis of an understanding such as no study of Abraham Lincoln has hitherto afforded. In the light of this sketch we know some things about the mind of Lincoln which have hitherto been obscure, and the door is ajar for future study.

It remains to add something about Abraham Lincoln's relations to women as they may be interpreted in the light of this present knowledge. The statement of Abraham's cousin, Robert Lincoln, to John Hay, 'We are not a very marrying family,' is confirmed by such acquaintance as we now have with this branch of the Lincolns. This does not mean, however, that either the men or the women of this family were unaware of, or unmoved by, the attractions of the opposite sex. Most of them married and married but once. In the case of the death of a husband or a wife, remarriage was infrequent.

So far as I have been able to learn there was not a single divorce among them. If they were not wholly happy in their married life, at least they were true. Broadly speaking, they were too much given to moods ever to be wholly happy for a considerable length of time. They were happier married, however, than unmarried. While both sexes were afflicted with melancholy, the men seemed to have suffered rather more than the women. Nor did I learn that among the women this trait was unusually pronounced at any given period of their life. The Lincoln women wanted husbands, the Lincoln men wanted wives; yet few of them attained to matrimony without some

hesitation and deep searching of heart.

We do not know that Lincoln had any period of hesitation in his relations with Ann Rutledge, but that may be because we know almost nothing of the Ann Rutledge love affair. We do know that in his courtship of Mary Owens he showed an astonishing instability of inclination and choice. We know that his little love affair with Sarah Rickard, whatever there was of that, brought him alternating feelings of satisfaction and self-reproach. We know that his engagement was broken, and that by his own act, and that he suffered so keenly in memory of 'the fatal first of January,' 1841, that he believed himself to be losing his mind. We are not to account for this trait in Lincoln's character wholly by



Countenance of Lincoln on the day he commissioned Grant Commander-in-Chief of the Union Armies.

our knowledge of the disposition and temperament of the three women. We have some reason to suspect that Lincoln would have acted somewhat similarly if engaged to any woman.

At this point we have remarkably interesting information about his cousin, Mordecai.

Mordecai Lincoln lived in Leitchfield, Grayson County, Kentucky, prior to his removal to Illinois. There he made shoes and clothes and did his carpenter work and played his violin. There, too, he fell in love with a girl of good family whose first name was Patsy. There is no reason whatever to think that a serious quarrel occurred between Mordecai Lincoln and his lady-love. He went to visit her one night in 1836 and on his return left Leitchfield that very night and never went back again. I have two letters from Patsy's father. They are well written, dignified letters, written by reason of Patsy's grief, an ineffectual effort either to bring Mordecai back or to obtain an explanation from him. He wrote of the painful circumstances of Mordecai's departure and the deep sorrow which that departure caused Patsy. He says: 'What makes it the more strange is that I cannot learn that anything happened.' Mordecai did not betray and desert Patsy. He does not appear to have left as a result of a lover's quarrel.

There is no reason to think he did not love her, but as the time for marriage approached he simply ran away from it. It is not the only instance of the kind in the Lincoln family.

He never married. He retained to the end of his life the reputation of having been a woman-hater.

And yet, with his private papers now in my hand, I find that at least twice afterward he was deeply in love with women and wrote letters proposing marriage, letters which so far as I am aware he never sent. One of them was written to a girl named Elizabeth; the other to a young woman named Catherine, a school-teacher whose name had been slandered and he had risen to defend her. To both these women he wrote offers of marriage. They are well written and ardent. He yearned for Elizabeth's company in his cheerless cabin, but when he looked around she was not there. He longed for the love of Catherine, he wanted it 'the worst of anything.' If she could not love him he hoped she would think of him now and then, because he thought always of her. These letters were not written on his ordinary paper. He went to Nouvoo or Carthage to obtain paper for his letter to Elizabeth and copied his letter on an extravagant sheet tinted in robin's egg blue.

I should like to have been present in the cabin of Mordecai Lincoln on Sunday, October 24, 1858, for on that day Mordecai entertained his cousin, Abraham Lincoln. That was the autumn of Lincoln's seven debates with Stephen A. Douglas and the seven were all finished, the last having taken place at Alton, Friday, October fifteenth. The cousins had not met very often and they were men of just about the same age, being at that time near fifty. Abraham had been married sixteen years and had three sons living and one dead. Mordecai's mother, Mary Mudd Lincoln, who had lived with him the later years of her widowhood, was dead, and he was alone. I wonder what these two men talked about in the light of their domestic experience. I can imagine Abraham's asking Mordecai if he did not find it very lonely as he approached old age, for a man of fifty was no longer counted young. I can believe that Mordecai answered that he was indeed a very lonely man and had often thought of marriage, but that women were such unreasonable creatures he had decided to remain as he was. Abraham, in the light of all his experience, was hardly in a position to deny that women were, at least might be, unreasonable, but I can imagine his saying to Mordecai that even if married life brought with it some discomforts it had more than compensating joys: that he had an attractive, ambitious and aspiring wife who supplemented him at many points, and that he was very happy with his three boys and the memory of dear little Eddie who was dead.

I would give much for a shorthand report of their conversation and a snapshot of the two cousins as they sat and talked together. They were men of such kindred tastes and traits, so like in stature, appearance and temperament, it would be good to know what they talked about that quiet Sunday and what Mordecai thought about it afterward. This we may not now ascertain, but what we do know is that Abraham Lincoln in his characteristic moods and his attitude toward marriage was not alone in his family.



# The Most Misunderstood Religion

(Continued from page 15)

We must also bear in mind, when accounting for the strong Jewish coloring of Islam, that even the Christianity found in that part of the world was strongly marked by Judaism, as was shown by the predominance of the Old Testament Scriptures over those of the New Testament in the services of the church. This tendency may be still observed in the Abyssinian Church of today, and Yemen was, for a long time prior to Muhammed, a political dependency of Abyssinia. The persecuted Muhammedans fled in the year 5 A. H. (A. D. 637) to Christian Abyssinia where they were well received, and whence they probably brought much knowledge of the peculiar liturgical service of the Abyssinian Church. There were also many Christian sects in Arabia with Jewish tendencies.

The very word which is used in the *Qoran* for 'revelation' is derived from Christian sources. It is used by Muhammed of his own revelations, as well as of those of the Old Testament prophets. (cf. Sura 3:2; 2:50.)

The Vigils, as well as certain forms observed in the ceremonies of prayer, have been adopted from Christian liturgical services, and it seems, as has been pointed out by Professor Nöldeke, that Muhammed's knowledge of Christianity was derived mainly from extra-canonical literature and the liturgical services. The teaching as to the Great Day of Resurrection and Judgment and the superiority of Jesus over all the prophets, which are among the principal doctrines of Islam, are based also upon Christian teaching.

Another influence of a kind from which Muhammed could not wholly free himself,

## Adoption of the Kaaba

and which contributed to the shaping of the new religion and to the creation of some of its teaching, was that of the early beliefs in which he had grown up. These included the belief in *jinns*—a kind of spirits some of which he declared became converts to Islam, while others remained among its enemies. Many other heathen beliefs and religious customs were gradually taken into Islam, just as many similar superstitions were absorbed into the Christian Church. Some of these were adopted unconsciously, while others were accepted intentionally with the purpose of bridging over a gulf by which the unbeliever might enter into the salvation offered by Islam.

As such we may regard the adoption of the Kaaba, the oldest national sanctuary of the heathen Arabs, as the central sanctuary of Islam. Muhammed accomplished this astounding transformation by solemnly declaring that this venerable structure had been actually built by no less a person than Abraham, the greatest saint of Islam and the father of the faith of the Old Testament. The heathen rites of this sanctuary were adapted to the new requirements, with the allegation that they were originated by Abraham. Although this concession to heathenism increased Muhammed's temporal power, it was nevertheless a lowering of a spiritual ideal. Yet we must confess that these rites and ceremonies, exercised in the days of Muhammed under the new conditions, had a certain spiritual influence upon those who took part in them as they have still today. When Muhammed had broken off relations with the Jews, he de-

clared that Islam was the true religion of Abraham, which they had corrupted.

We shall now examine the claim which Muhammed made that he was the final messenger of God promised in the Holy Scriptures of Jews and Christians:

There lived in Arabia powerful and rich Jewish tribes, as well as many Christians, whom he wished to gain over to his side, as their acknowledgment of him as the promised messenger of God would at once

## Posed as the Paraclete

have given him a more secure position. The allegiance of this important portion of the population of the Arabic peninsula would soon have made him master of the situation.

To obtain this desired result he based his claim upon what he believed to be quotations from the Scriptures. Thus he quotes the Almighty as saying: 'My mercy extends over all things; I will write down the same for those who fear God, give alms and who believe in our signs. Those who will follow the unlearned prophet of whom they will find record in the Torah and in the Gospels. —He will take their burden from them and the fetters which lie upon them . . .' (Sura 7. 155ff.)

To his hearers he then said: (v. 157) 'O ye people, behold I am God's messenger to you all, to Whom (i. e. God) belongs the government of the heavens and the earth, there is no God but He, who calls into life and causes to die. Therefore believe in God and His messenger; the uneducated prophet who believes in God and His words, and follow him so that ye may be guided.' In another place (Sura 3:75) he declares that God had demanded of former prophets that they should state in their writings that a messenger would come after them 'to confirm' what 'they possessed,' that is, their holy writings.

However, the most surprising claim which Muhammed made was that he was the Paraclete whom Christ had promised to His Disciples. His assertion is contained in the following passage (Sura 61:6)—'And Jesus, the Son of Mary, said: "O Children of Israel, I am the Messenger of God to you, confirming the Torah which has been before me, and announcing a messenger which shall come after me, whose name shall be Ahmed." ' Muhammed's claim is due probably to a misreading of the word PARAKLITOS, the Comforter, into PERIKLYTOS, the Praised One, which in Arabic is *ahmed*, which, used as a proper name, is equivalent to that of Muhammed, who therefore applied this prophecy to himself. As he knew no Greek he must have received this interpretation from someone else, seeing in it

## Charged Corruption of Scriptures

evidence for his claim to the prophetic office as foretold by Christ. But neither Jews nor Christians were able to find in their Scriptures any such prophecy as Muhammed adduced.

The rejection of his claims led him to charge both Jews and Christians with having corrupted their scriptures. The Jews of Arabia were a factor to be taken into serious consideration in everything pertaining to the political and civil life of that country. The possession of an ancient literary tradition gave them a mental superiority over the Arabs. They assimilated

themselves with marvelous facility to the nations among whom they lived, without losing their own characteristics.

Muhammed would perhaps never have succeeded against the warlike Jews in Arabia by martial force, if their tribes had not been divided into opposing camps by their share in the wars between the two powerful Arab tribes, the Aus and the Hazrag. The biting sarcasm of the Jews, and their pointed questions in matters of religion, injured his cause more than did armed opposition. Thus one day the Jews came to him and said: 'O Muhammed, this God has created the creatures; but who has created Him?' They naturally had some answer prepared, but Muhammed had no subtlety with which to respond.

Muhammed claimed that his revelations came to him by the Holy Ghost (Sura 16: 104) Whom he regarded as identical with the Angel Gabriel (Sura 2:91). His followers speak of four principal methods by which the divine message was conveyed. The most frequent seems to have been the falling into a kind of trance, foaming at the mouth and copious perspiration running down his whole body. The message received in this state did not become clear to him 'until the angel had left him,' that is, till he had regained his full consciousness. The Arabs called the people who were afflicted in this or in a similar way 'possessed' *majnun*, but Muhammed seems to have regarded this condition as a special medium by which God made Himself known.

Muhammed was much given to prayerful meditation by night, and to fasting (Sura

## He Had to Endure Many Taunts

17:81), by which the power of supernatural vision is much heightened, a fact of which we have examples in the Bible. At other times an angel, in the form of a man, would come to him: 'He speaks with me,' Muhammed said, 'and I remember afterward what he told me.'

Or again, the Holy Spirit would blow the message directly into his heart, or again, an angel would come to him in a dream.

Muhammed had to endure a good many taunts from his fellow citizens. He was always the butt of their jests, which, in the primitive state of the society in which he lived, were not sparing of his feelings. But undaunted by calumnies and aspersions, he stood firm in his conviction that he was God's messenger, and that what he proclaimed was divine truth: 'What was sent down to thee (i. e., the *Qoran*) from thy Lord is the truth,' said the Angel (Sura 11:20). As it was just this claim which involved him in controversies with the idolators, he one day challenged his opponents to produce one single sura equal to his own. It was not the poetic form to which the challenge applied, but the teaching of the suras, which would have involved repudiation of their idols and the acceptance of Muhammed's teaching.

The challenge was taken up finally in a somewhat different fashion, both in Muhammed's lifetime and shortly afterward. There arose a number of men in various parts of Arabia, and at least one woman, called Sagah, who declared themselves prophets of the One True God. Et-Tabari has preserved for us in a tradition the names of some of these prophets, and the sayings of one of them—Musailama. By this



time, Islam had been recognized, but in the fight for its existence these prophets had been declared, without much ceremony, to be inspired by Satan, and these rivals of Muhammed were finally exterminated.

The little that has been preserved of Musailama's teachings shows clearly that there is a strong resemblance between them and those of Muhammed in essential doctrines, though Musailama has some additional Christian teaching which is not found in Islam (Nöld.-Schw. p. 57). It is therefore most probable that, like Muhammed, he was dependent upon Christian teaching—another proof of the influence of Christianity in pre-Muhammedan times in the Arabian peninsula.

Muhammed lacked that fine perception of good and evil, which is needed to protect one whom circumstances have placed beyond the criticism of others, from committing serious errors, and in consequence did not at times hesitate to employ means which can only be regarded as reprehensible, to further the spread of his religion. It has been well said that: 'Enthusiasm, in its progress, remains as rarely free from fraud, as fire from smoke; and men with the most sincere convictions of the sacredness of their cause are most prone to commit pious fraud.' (Sprenger, Life of Muh. 124f.)

The Muhammedan writers endeavor to gloss over these defects in Muhammed's character, while, on the other hand, many Christian writers find in them the occasion for condemnation of his life-work. But to be just in our estimate we must give him credit for the work he accomplished among a half-barbarous and idolatrous people, a work which he could never have achieved if his soul had not been touched by the Divine Fire.

It is true that toward the end of his career his inward light shone but dimly—it will never be possible for us to know how many of the errors which Muhammed committed are due to the semi-barbarism of the age in which he lived, to his weakness of character, to his lack of reasoning power, and perhaps to deception practised upon him, *ein betrogenen Betrüger*.

## Army Morale Is Sinking

(Continued from page 7)

R. O. T. C. might be expanded. Yet the R. O. T. C. scrimps along on relatively beggarly sums, without prospects of increase. Colleges and schools desiring to establish new units have to be refused—at the rate of nearly three a month—and suitable candidates have to be denied admission to the units already in existence: the answer always being, 'Lack of funds.' Well-bred students are compelled to wear shoddy and disreputable uniforms left over from World-War stocks. Officers on this work face discouragement every day.

5. Citizen's Military Training Camps grow from year to year. It has been said that Congress is willing to support this venture. Yet the fact remains that there have annually been more applicants than places. The fact remains that though the Army has been able to take care of increases after some fashion or other, it has only been by putting to daily labor regular troops who should be pruning themselves to serve as expert demonstration units, by diverting other funds and other material, by stretching duties actually beyond the breaking point of morale. No one claims, however, that much of the training given under these conditions is complete or thorough, as all military training should be if it is to be of any value at all.

This is the personnel situation in the Army of the United States today, and it may be stated categorically that one of the three components which does the heaviest work and has the greatest responsibilities, the Regular Army, is now wavering in spirit and sick of the hopeless task.

What is the use, however, of discussing the personnel question, when the War Department does not have the physical plant to care for what troops are now already under arms? Is the personnel question solely to be considered, when rotten, wartime, 'temporary' barracks are falling to pieces and commissioned officers are supposed to live like gentlemen and study and love their profession in rickety shacks scarcely better than those of plantation negroes in the South?

Funds for upkeep are so far in arrears that it is estimated that an initial outlay of \$30,000,000 will be necessary to start even by first repairing present structures and utilities in need of emergency treatment to prevent accelerated deterioration. Four hundred millions of the taxpayers' property is being permitted to go to rack and ruin, while the crowd follows the political vote-catching cry of 'Economy!'

Figure for a moment a situation where the pressure for economy is so great from above that stringent and absolutely unfair measures must be adopted. An officer happens to occupy a single room, twelve by fifteen feet, heated by a wood stove which sticks its ugly hulk into the middle of the floor, in a building with a leaky roof, rotting beams, uneven floors, and loose windows.

In times of emergency, this captain might put up with any conditions, but in times of peace, he will scarcely be blamed for feeling dissatisfied with such a place. Yet to save the government a puny sixty dollars commutation of quarters a month—with which he might fix his place up for greater comfort or beauty, or at least feel

that his Government gave him some compensation for his circumstances—to save this sixty dollars, his post commander issues an order stating that the quarters he occupies are 'adequate' for an officer of his grade. Further than that, to make him feel still more cheerful, it was dated in 1923, in compliance with a circular dated in 1924, and issued in 1925—being signed by a man a thousand miles away at the time it was presumed to have been signed.

In law the order was worth nothing. In the army, everything goes. It was a pretty blanket order, issued irrespective of real adequacy, issued in obedience to pressure from higher up, and issued purely to save the Government money. In fact and in the army it did save the beggarly dollars and at the same time exemplified the preposterous injustices that must be imposed under present housing conditions.

The War Department has had for nearly two years a housing program that would cost something like a hundred-odd million dollars, to take 40,000 of its troops from under canvas and put them in proper buildings. The law says the funds may be secured from the sale of property no longer needed. But listen to the local politicians howl when you try to sell out land in one locality to build where building is wanted! And does anyone imagine that a grateful Government will credit the War Department with properties already transferred to other departments to the value of \$52,000,000 and properties already sold—since the World War—to the value of about \$30,000,000? The low-spirited Army has small hope of such a circumstance. The Army saw millions donated to ungrateful Russians, and sees itself treated like a poor relative. Even charity goes afield.

Other matters demanding urgent financial support are of a more strictly military nature, though not a whit more necessary for military efficiency. These other projects must be carried on if the objects of the Act of 1920 are to be attained.

1. Our ammunition is becoming depleted. When the war was over, we had 'lots of bullets.' But that ammunition was going bad in storage, as all chemical compounds do. It was more than was thought necessary for a war reserve. So we shot up the excess surplus. We proved what we could do with facilities. With somewhat increased ammunition allowances, a phenomenal revolution was effected in accurate rifle shooting. We developed experts in greater numbers than we had developed ordinary marksmen before. Now the ammunition allowances are being cut in conformity with the general demands for economy. The war reserves of rifle ammunition decided upon must be maintained. Troops can only fire old ammunition as rapidly as a parsimonious people provide new ammunition to go into storage to replace the old. These purchases are ridiculously small. Firing decreases, and the efficiency in shooting likewise decreases. The largely urban population of this country today is not so adept with the shooting weapon as the earlier colonials and the later frontiersmen. Men must be taught to shoot. They must be taught by actual practice at shooting. Otherwise we might as well drill with broomsticks.



**FREE**

140-page Book full of life-size ruled forms, each one completely filled in. The answer to problems of accounting and record keeping for any business or profession. Send for this **FREE** Book today

**John C. Moore Corporation**  
(Established 1839)  
3099 Stone St., Rochester, N.Y.

**MOORE'S LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS**  
Used In 300,000 Offices  
Ask about the New **MOORE'S VISIBLE RECORDS**



2. Large-caliber ammunition is in much the same state as small-caliber ammunition, except that it is much more important in the case of the big guns to keep a big war reserve on hand. The longer the range, the more perfect must be the propelling charge. The bigger the gun, the harder it is to put the projectiles and the cartridges into quantity production on the outbreak of war. Mute cannon are no defense against hostile attacks on seaport towns.

### Coast Defenses Silent

3. Coast defenses stand silent. Reductions in Coast Artillery personnel have placed fifteen out of thirty-five districts and seventy-five per cent of the guns in those fifteen districts in the hands of caretakers with grease pots when they should be in the hands of expert troops trained for their use. Sudden attacks will come on the borders of the sea, and the coasts are garrisoned mostly by rifle-trained Infantry regiments and not with skilled artillerymen as they should be.

4. In the spring of 1923, the War Plans Division of the General Staff completed a study it had initiated itself and made public the so-called Lassiter Report, telling the country what was the matter with the Air Service, and recommending remedies, principal among which was increase in personnel and increase in financial support. The Secretary of War repeated the recommendation in his annual report for 1924. The Morrow Commission has reiterated substantially the same statements and has said the recommendations of General Lassiter's committee should be carried out, and speedily.

In the two years since 1923, the public has been apathetic on the subject, except for an occasional glance at a headline inspired by the startling antics of a single sensational and seemingly insubordinate air officer.

For five years the Army has been battling along, fighting a losing struggle against inefficiency and beggary that threaten more and more from year to year. At the end of the five-year period, a full and frank consideration is needed. A sensible study of the whole proposition of national defense will reveal whether or not it is possible to carry on under the Act of 1920.

### Army Is Mentally Depressed

The Army is mentally depressed, and would welcome a complete investigation of

military policies, plans, and conditions. Army officers of the Infantry have spoken through their unofficial organization, the U. S. Infantry Association, and have suggested that a committee of Congress or a non-political civilian committee, composed of veterans and publicists and legislators might well conduct an exhaustive study of the entire matter, of the Act of 1920, and of the facilities available in present appropriations or in the Treasury of the country for carrying out the provisions of that Act.

With inadequate resources, a Regular Army of 118,000 has been trying to do the work originally laid out for an army of 280,000. It is cracking under the strain. A new diagnosis is needed and a new prescription, perhaps a new diet. The prescription should take the form of a definite financial program and clear assurance of a ten-year or twenty-year schedule on which various projects might be allotted priority, but in which all the urgent needs of the three components of the Army might find proper place.

We want no more to do with politics. We are tired of such catch words as 'economy' and 'pacifists' and 'clerical reds' and 'revised promotion lists.' We want to see

### Are We to Be Respected?

on a broad basis what we have and what we need. We shall not be satisfied with new brass buttons, or with pretty new uniforms, even if they do have roll collars. Let us have the entire matter thrashed out once and for all. We are sworn to serve the country. It is our duty to provide for national defense as the people want it so far as what support the people will give will enable us to provide and plan for it. If we are expected to continue to live in disreputable hovels for the rest of our lives, doing a maximum of manual labor on upkeep of army posts and the like and a minimum of training as a military force, and to drill with powderless rifles, we want to know it.

Are we to consider ourselves labor gang foremen or officers and gentlemen? If we are to be a respected and an efficient basic organization capable of war-time expansion, we want to know that too, and to be provided with the wherewithal for the tasks that will fall to our hands and our heads when America again needs efficient defenders.

## How We Got the New Testament

(Continued from page 8)

samples as the *Oxyrhynchus Logia* give us a picture of the original Gospel, which was read and interpreted to a Christian community by its leader, who had not had the great good fortune of sitting at the feet of Jesus.

The Christian teacher, who could not tell the story at first hand, needed a written guide, if he would reproduce with approximate exactness the teachings of Christ.

This was furnished by the 'Sayings of Jesus,' of which there may well have been many different copies, for different disciples would have emphasized some 'Sayings' and forgotten others.

Of this general character was the original Gospel of Matthew, if we may trust the statement of Papias as quoted by Eusebius in his Church History. Papias was only one generation removed from the immediate followers of Christ and seems to have been an earnest seeker of records about the life and teachings of Jesus. He mentions a collection of 'Sayings' written in Hebrew by Matthew, 'which every one has translated as he could.'

This agrees well with our conception of the original Gospel; but Papias also mentions another by Mark, 'the interpreter of the Apostle Peter,' which contained 'Sayings and deeds.'

This may well be our present Gospel according to Mark, at least in its main features, but Matthew's 'Sayings in Hebrew' cannot be the same as the present Gospel of that name. Neither can we assume that

these were the only Gospel stories existing in the time of Papias, as has often

been done by unfriendly critics. All that we can infer from the statements is that Papias knew these two Gospel stories and probably thought them the oldest or most reliable.

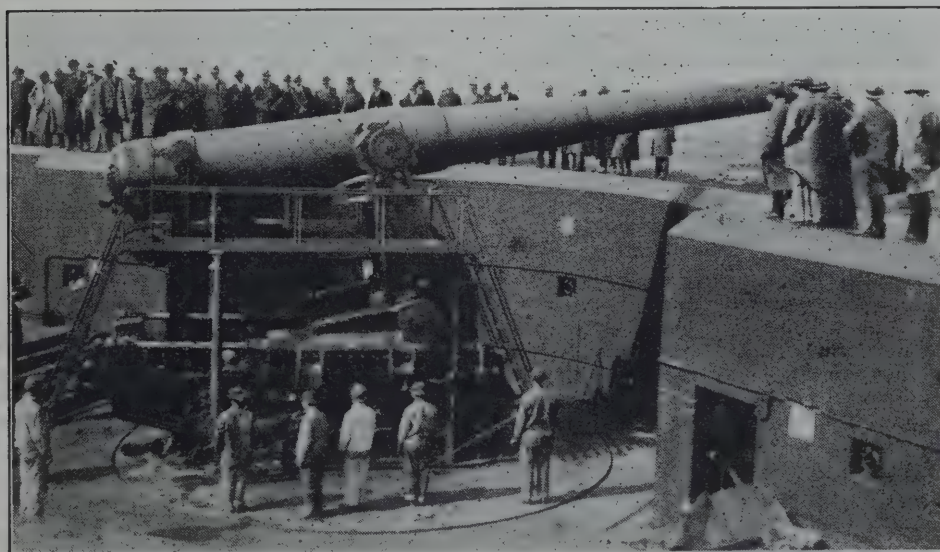
That he knew others, or was ignorant of others is not said, and he may well have known many, for there were others in existence in his time.

We are thus brought face to face with the question, who wrote our present Gospels and how did they come to be included in the Canon of the Scriptures, while others were omitted.

First let us call attention to certain facts that have a decided bearing on the whole question. Neither the titles of the Gospel nor the earliest tradition about them definitely claim them as the sole handiwork of the men whose names they bear. It is always 'The Gospel according to Matthew,' 'The Gospel according to Mark,' which merely traces that Gospel back to the Evangelist named as the originator of the earliest form of that tradition. How far the later Gospel may have wandered from that first tradition is well illustrated by comparing the present Matthew, with its genealogy, birth, childhood, miracles, teachings, and sufferings of Jesus, with the simple description of Papias, 'The Sayings.'

We cannot even be sure that only one later editor reworked the original Evangelist's story, nor can we be sure that the original Evangelist himself reduced his Gospel to written form except in the case of Luke.

There we find distinct marks of a



(C) International Newsreel.

'Disappearing' type of gun at Fort Hancock, Sandy Hook, New Jersey.



literary style belonging to a single author. We have only tradition and the 'We passages' in Acts to help us in identifying this author as the physician Luke, companion of Paul, but there is much that can be said for the identification and nothing absolutely inconsistent with it. Luke is the nearest to a definite literary personality that we find among the Evangelists. There is a certain degree of literary unity in the

### According to Mark

works, more, to be sure, in the Gospel than in Acts, but in both enough to warrant the assumption that we have the work of a single writer, combining several threads of older tradition, but combining conservatively with earnest care to preserve as much as possible of the old, though recasting it in his own literary style.

The Gospel according to Mark has most nearly preserved its original form, yet even here it is not necessary to assume that Mark himself reduced it to writing. The main thread of the narrative together with many of the Sayings are surely the contribution of Mark and were by him learned from Peter. But recent study and comparison with the parallel passages of Matthew and Luke have shown that many verses, especially those containing Sayings, were derived from the same source, that was used by the compiler of the Matthew Gospel and by Luke.

This was an ancient document, long since lost, which contained chiefly Sayings, and the German scholars, who first assumed its existence, names it 'Q.' It is possible that Mark may have plundered this old document to enrich the narrative of the life of Jesus, which he had learned from Peter, but it is hardly likely. The early preacher, who was not in frequent contact with other leaders of the Church, and who had no easy access to written records, could not have felt the inadequacy of his version of the Gospel story, as some later user of it would, who had heard a fuller story from another, or had secured the loan of another Gospel, independent in origin from his own. So this later editor of Mark plundered 'Q' to enrich his narrative Gospel just as some years later the editor of Matthew and Luke were to plunder both 'Q' and Mark to bring their Gospels to a state of relative completeness.

The old document 'Q,' unable to compete with these completer Gospels, perished after all that was best in it had been taken over by its successors. Thus we have the three oldest Gospels edited and ready to circulate among the churches approximately in their present form. But that form was not yet absolutely fixed; there was still the

### This Was John

possibility of absorbing an omitted episode or a forgotten Saying as it came to light from some independent source.

Such is the story of the woman taken in adultery and the Saying of Christ: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.' This episode, omitted in all the oldest manuscripts, yet defended by its very content as an authentic bit of the life of Jesus, came near to finding a resting place at the end of Luke, where it is found in some manuscripts, but was finally incorporated in the eighth chapter of John, where all later manuscripts give it without question as a portion of the true Gospel. Yet an early Church Father quotes it as belonging to the 'Gospel according to the Hebrews,' which is completely lost except for this episode.

The Gospel according to John presents

a particularly difficult problem. Tradition says that this was John, the son of Zebedee, one of the Disciples, and also assigns to him the three Epistles of John and Revelation. Now the first Epistle, which is much the longest, and alone has a definite theological importance, is certainly by the author of the Gospel, but that writer can hardly have been the author of Revelation. That last book of the New Testament was written by a man whose thought and imagery was essentially Jewish, while the Gospel is filled with Greek thought and philosophical expression. It would therefore be easier to associate Revelation with the Disciple John, but because of its assumed date under Domitian and the frequency of the name John, especially in connection with the churches of Asia, any such identification is more than doubtful. On the other hand, in spite of its philosophical expression and all too frequent dogmatic utterances, there is much that is old and manifestly true in the Gospel according to John. The version of an eye-witness lies at the base of this Gospel, and that one, who was nearer than most and who heard and remembered statements not known to others. The tradition can hardly be wrong.

This Gospel story arose with John the Disciple, but in this case the Gospel remained longer in oral

### Paul's Letters Were the Oldest

tradition than in the case of the others, and further, the final editor was a man of some philosophical training and of advanced theological views. He may never have been an immediate pupil of John, for he seems to represent views somewhat more removed in time or place from the simpler teaching of Christ, than would have been presented by an immediate pupil, such as John. It may even have been a pupil of a pupil of John, rather than an immediate follower, who finally edited this Gospel story, a conclusion fully in harmony with the date, A. D. 90 to 100, now generally accepted for the Gospel according to John.

We have still to consider the writers of the various Epistles. Of these the most definite and striking personality is Paul. Much of his life, his personality, his earnest character, is given us in the preserved letters, and this is in the main in harmony with the picture of him given in Acts. We are dealing here with no shadowy figure and our view of him is given in the main at first hand. These letters are the oldest and most directly transmitted portion of the New Testament, but they are the letters of Paul and not the words of Christ, either directly or indirectly quoted. Neither should we suppose that all of the correspondence of Paul has been preserved, nor yet that all of his correspondence dealt with topics that interested the Church of that day.

We have seen above how frequent was the interchange of letters of business and friendship in early Christian times; Paul can have been no exception. The tireless missionary, the inspired teacher, the almost prophetic guide of the infant churches must have had much to say. Why should not all churches founded by Paul have received letters of admonition or encouragement from him? Copies even of letters meant for individual churches may have been sent to others, if they seemed needed or in point. Some would have been preserved and others not, but in the main they would have been most likely to be preserved by the person or community to whom they were originally sent. Eventually from frequent

reading in the churches came appreciation of the real greatness of the message contained and not all too late a collection was made of all the letters that could be found. Not all were of equal importance, even though only those to churches and a few of general import were collected. Some even of the existing collection seem to have been

### Peter's Two Epistles

fragments, which had been worked over in later times, as the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, and one that was distinctly not Pauline, the Epistle to the Hebrews, was imbedded in the collection and so saved.

Of the two Epistles of Peter, the second is plainly of later time. I would not insist that there are no reminiscences of Peter contained in it, but in the main it reflects the religious views and style of address of the second century. With the first Epistle the case is different. This is a product of the first century and even in some respects suggests the work and personality of Peter; yet as a whole the letter gives the teachings of Paul rather than of Peter. Now it is not impossible that Peter in later years yielded to the Pauline teaching on some of the disputed matters, but on the whole that seems hardly consistent with the character of Peter given us in the Gospels and Acts. On the other hand the letter is clearly not a forgery, so it is perhaps best to assume that, as in the case of some of the minor letters of Paul, this letter of Peter experienced a later revision and that at the hands of a follower of Paul.

The second and third Epistles of John and those by James and Jude are too brief to give much of a picture of the authors. The first two are brief personal letters in good style and were perhaps associated with the Disciple John because of his long life. The writer of these letters calls himself the Elder. However, as this became practically a title of honor early in the history of the Church, its value as a means of identification is slight. The Epistle of Jude seems to give the impression of a somewhat later time than that of James, but neither can be connected directly with the Disciples, whose names they bear. When the generation following that of the Disciples found

### The Church Chose Wisely

itself without its original teachers, it naturally searched for written records from their hands. The name of the author, if coupled with a document of religious import, or even the religious import alone, was enough to cause the document to be referred to one of the founders of the Faith. Thus in the first and second, and even in the third century of this era, in one place or another, various documents were associated with the church service. Yet as years went on the unanimity of choice became greater and greater until finally on the last disputed point the East yielded to the West and the Revelation of John came into the church service throughout the whole Christian world.

The choice in all cases seems to have been made by the Church as a whole and with practical unanimity. It was not the selection made by a body of leaders or even by a council of the Church, for such bodies exerted their influence merely to preserve in the service that which had been traditionally there. There is no record of any organized body of Church leaders prescribing the exact books which should be read in the service.

Most important of all is the decision of modern scholars, that the Church in the main chose wisely and rejected wisely.



# The Silk-Spinning Tragedienne

(Continued from page 5)



Within the funnel of her web-trap the Agalena spider lies in wait for insects. A victim may be perceived at the bottom of the funnel.

the silken ball well hidden then within a clump of new leaves. With jocund spring leaping high to earn its name, the long-closed bottle neck burst open at last and a myriad of tiny crawlers, forming at first a cluster, overflowed upon the brier stalks.

And then, as always with these little fellows of every generation, began an enactment of nature's law of prodigality. There are always more than enough to insure perpetuation of a species, as with seeds and pollen. Baby spiders need sustenance and having developed only carnivorous appetites there follows a very natural cannibalistic tendency with no other food in quantity available.

As if by a given signal, though impelled only by a common and simultaneous hunger, the individuals of the cluster with widely extended mandibles rushed upon each other, every one eager to profit by the absorption of the blood of its brothers and sisters. Chance and the first hold determined the advantage. Thus Tiny seized Gray-back from the rear and pierced his abdomen, feasting with savage relish, and while thus engaged Yellowlegs leaped upon Tiny, wounding her in the thorax and drinking her blood. Brownie and Spotty met face to face and instantly closed; the contest was decided by Stripes thrusting his hooked and keenly pointed mandibles into Brownie. Whereupon, both becoming satiated, for they had each dined on two or three of their family, Stripes and Spotty quietly drew apart, as others of the warring and well-fed cluster were doing, leaving the empty bodies of the slain to shrivel and blow away.

Reduced to less than a third of their number, the little spiders now scattered widely fearing, as always, other enemies and indeed from these they very soon suffered a further depletion. A dozen or more of them went to allay partly the ever keen appetite of a thrasher; a bluebird dined upon twice as many; a house wren, still keener of eye, fed until she felt compelled to retire to her well-filled hollow-tree limb and lay another egg.

Spotty had been fortunate from the first; she had crawled to the leaf carpet and then beneath a flat stone, half of which was raised a quarter inch from the ground. Stripes, again hungry, had followed closely; Spotty turned quickly, but there was no grapple. Instead a long, sticky tongue shot out from the deepest part of the chink and Stripes disappeared. So did Spotty, but not down the highland salamander's tickled throat. Recognizing a dangerous locality and never one in which to play Saint George with such a dragon, our little adventuress fled, the speed from her eight legs greatly surpassing that of an ant or even a silver bug of twice the baby spider's size.

No larger to begin with than a small letter 'o' of this print, Spotty had little chance to defy anything that was at all aggressive. Beset by persistent dangers on every side, survival would be impossible were it not that such small, dull-colored creatures are exceedingly inconspicuous. Their chief enemies are the birds, the shrews, the ground and tiger beetles, the centipedes, the mason wasps, the larger ants and some adults of their own class, mostly of different species.

As Spotty grew rapidly larger, soon attaining a quarter-inch length of body, she avoided with fine discrimination those other bloodthirsty killers to combat which would mean death grapples or disabling encounters. Instead, she preyed upon the helpless kinds, as plant lice, very young grasshoppers, leafhoppers and small, spineless caterpillars.

So lived and dodged and fed occasionally and grew our little bandit, possessed of the keenest instincts, never losing her caution, nor failing to identify either foes or desirable prey. And within a month of her existence she had desisted from the terribly risky wanderings and selecting almost at random a place that offered foundation had followed the all-dominant hereditary tendency to entrap her food.

From one stout grass stalk to another and then to the end of a stone she spread her

rapidly spun cables; then back and forth between these well-anchored foundations she stretched others, working almost incessantly throughout a part of the night so that the morning found a densely woven, veil-like carpet, or better a hammock, with a round, funnel-shaped shaft near one end leading down among the denser mass of grass almost to the ground.

Within this silken shaft or tube, hidden from the prying eyes of the spider-hunting birds, Agalena, now almost half-grown, rested to await possible victims.

This first and early summer web was stretched to cover at least thirty-four square inches of insect-infested ground. It was a close silken mesh sometimes more than six inches long and as wide. All about on this bank of sunlit cinquefoil, low fern and woodland grasses, there were scores of these webs, possibly made by surviving sisters, each differing from its neighbors only by reason of the varying positions of the anchorages—here a stalk, there a twig, perhaps stones or bits of fallen tree branches serving as the supports. And each, as the sun first peeped at it, was bespangled with drops of glittering dew, like diamond-encrusted lacework, a familiar sight to every early riser in the country.

Many are the vicissitudes of these trap webs of Agalena; a passing fox or skunk or mink, a wandering woodchuck, perhaps a deer or less carefully treading bovine may wipe the frail things out of existence—an irreparable wreck—and the small rigger must begin all over again in the same or a nearby spot. Our spider built her third web within five or six days; each time it remained broken until darkness came on, for in the daytime, because of her vigilant enemies, she may not safely venture to emerge from her retreat, except with a marvelously rapid dash out and back again to ascertain the cause of some agitation of the web, or to make a capture of some defenseless insect.

So swift are these sallies from out the funnel and back again that the human eye



can hardly follow them. Thus the Agalena species has earned for itself the name of champion runner of the entire animal kingdom considering, of course, by nice calculation, the matter of relative size. Capturing one of our little friend's kindred by slipping a butterfly net beneath her funnel and then poking her with a straw until she seeks safety below, she may be taken home, turned loose on the bare dining-room table and with stop-watch in hand her time in traveling the six-foot expanse may be calculated. If a racing auto could go at like speed in proportion it could easily traverse a mile in less than five and a half seconds and cover the distance from New York to Chicago in one and one-half hours!

Agalena's last web was larger, neater and more concave than any of its predecessors; one of the supporting strands, fully a foot in length, swayed slightly with the breeze-stirred clover stem to which it was attached. The spider, motionless, lay in wait for prey for hours at a time; yet she was not always idle, for with the silk with which she was still plentifully endowed she was constructing that rounded ball differing not at all from those of billions of generations of her species. It was at once a hope chest and an instinctively inspired cradle.

Once the broad web was disturbed with more than the usual violence caused by entrapped victims, some of the strands even being broken. A long-horned, green grasshopper of the false katydid kind, twice the size of our spider and twice as strong in its leaping hind legs, with broad wings also that it could not use because its claws were entangled in the web, proved impossible to

**The Grasshopper Quickly Succumbed** pull loose and drag within the funnel, but the natural savagery of the little heroine must not be denied. Therefore, in spite of beating wings and kicks in every direction Agalena leaped upon the frantic monster and sunk her envenomed mandibles deep, though not before the equally strong jaws of the invader had seized and injured one of the spider's legs.

Weakened by the poison the grasshopper quickly succumbed, but was still an almost impossible burden, to be overcome in time however, had not a shrill buzzing and the downward dart of a shining black object interfered. Well knowing which of her enemies to respect Agalena fled to her tube, through it and into the grass tangle beneath and not a moment too soon, for the digger wasp followed halfway. Had its eyesight been as sharp as its organs of scent and its imagination in the least developed it would have proved a redoubtable Amazon indeed to have continued on after viewing the dead insects that had been hauled into the tube, sucked dry and discarded below.

The wasp loitered about but a short time, then flew away. Agalena remained hidden beneath the denser basic leaves of the grass much longer. The green, long-horned grasshopper lay dying, struggling a little with a persistent vitality, eventually to be gobbled up by a bobwhite.

It was about this time that Agalena's one and only suitor came a-courting to find the lady of his choice from the first not at all shy, but quite inclined to meet him more than halfway. A webless wanderer he, darker in color and a little smaller than his lady-love; a swift-footed hunter among the lower herbage and surviving because of his agility and caution.

However, after the manner of many stage and screen stars, Agalena tired of him soon after the ceremony and had he not submitted to be chased entirely and forever

away, he would quickly have been slain and eaten, as are the countless spouses of other spider species.

At last the silken egg sac was filled with the tiny golden pellets and our little savage had fulfilled to the utmost of her hereditary inclination the brief motherly concern for at least one batch of her offspring.

The summertime world is abundantly inhabited by digger wasps and those that are modelers in clay. These insects also are evidences of instinctive propagation in which, like the spider, motherhood knows not its own, but is equally determined to fulfill its allotted purpose.

It was not the shining, coal-black agency of fate which had almost succeeded in catching Agalena that first time, but an equally bloody-minded killer that for the sake of a coming generation hunted closely and did not overlook the stout-bodied occupant of the webby lair.

Our Agalena had grown wary. Not every disturbance on or about the web gained her undivided attention. But when something like a continued struggle was evident she had reason to assume that a victim was entrapped. Whereupon out of her funnel tube she came to meet at close quarters a dark object that she could not, even with her eight eyes, discern in the fraction of a second as an enemy to be feared, rather than one to be seized.

Then there was a sudden buzzing of wings as the wasp made its dash and Agalena turned, but not before one pair of sharp claws sought to hold her.

With a strength equal to that of the wasp and a rapidity of motion quite superior the spider pulled partly away and gained the funnel. The two went down together, Agalena knowing that an effort to escape was better than to turn and fight. As they struggled through into the tangle of stalks and leaves and then to the ground below, the killer still held on, having indeed gained an additional hold with the other foreleg.

Here hung the egg sac fastened beneath a shelving stone; did this inspire an unreasoning defense? Among the close grass stems where she was most at home Agalena had no other recourse than to turn. With her four front legs she reached to grasp and bear down her assailant; with jaws wide she endeavored to seize and inject her potent poison. But hers was the part of Roderick Dhu; she was able to inflict harm, but her enemy possessed wings and withal a skill quite outclassing Agalena's powers. There was a swift clash and grapple; the sudden curve of the slender, hard, steel-blue body toward that of the stouter, soft, gray one; a sudden thrust of a point keenest in all nature. The under side of Agalena's thorax received a wound that was more than the deep puncture of a resistless point and instantly she collapsed; not dead, but beyond all power of movement other than a faint twitching, the poison of the powerful sting having had its effect immediately. Four or five more jabs and poor Agalena was fit only to be dragged out of the tangle at a tremendous expenditure of labor; then carried awing and aloft for a distance that may have varied from a few yards to a hundred or more, finally to be embalmed within a neatly formed clay cell hung to the rafters of a barn. Within this snug chamber the baby wasp dined at length upon Agalena and a dozen others of her kind that had met a like fate, all common examples of those innumerable and utterly cruel struggles for existence that perpetually dominate the processes of nature.

## The Voyage of the Victoria

(Concluded from page 17)

as a sort of strange pageant enacted for their amusement. To them, the strange invaders seemed to have many things for which they had no use and which they were willing to give away.

So the natives swarmed on board, and as natives and children will, picked up and took for their own whatever was loose, much in the same way in which white men penetrating new lands take for their own whatever pleases their fancy.

That night the fleet stood out to sea as protection from the ravages of 'this people of little truth' and the next morning the standard of civilization was raised, the first slash in the carving out of a new empire brought blood. For Magellan, who knew not fear, landed in the island in the morning with fifty men, set fire to the village as a lesson, recovered his skiff, and, to use the language of historians, by a bold and brilliant stroke, a store of provisions fell into the hands of the invaders. It was a signal and decisive victory, but over the ignorant and unarmed, and strategy had less to do with it than armaments, for the natives were without weapons except for sticks tipped with fish bones. Indeed, an arrow was a wonder to them, for when wounded, Pigafetta

**The Ninth Man to Die** tells us, they drew forth the barb and looked at it with astonishment, 'at which the compassion of the sailors was aroused.'

Although seven natives were killed in the skirmish, the childlike savage mind either forgot or forgave, or perhaps failed to connect the punishment with the crime, or it may be thought to ward off all that destruction and burning with the giving of gifts.

On March ninth, the fleet again set sail, but as the island fell away astern, the lone Englishman, Master Andrew of Bristol, gunner, died. So, by a narrow margin, Sir Francis Drake, the pirate or buccaneer, was the first of his nation to circumnavigate the globe. Andrew of Bristol was the ninth man to die after the fleet left the straits, counting the Patagonian Indian who had died soon after they left the South American continent.\*

Some time before touching Guam, according to Sir Clements Markham's *Early Voyages to Magellan Straits*, Poncevera, master of the *Trinidad*, had conversation with Magellan, and pointed out that their course would not take them to the Spice Islands, whereupon the admiral answered that he had information that there were no provisions to be had at the Moluccas, therefore he was going north, apparently to China. If that is truly reported, it would seem to indicate something very much like an hallucination in Magellan, similar to that hallucination of hearing which afflicted Columbus on the shores of Jamaica.

However that may be, Magellan's course took him to the nearest land sailing due west from Guam, and a week after leaving that island, the lookout man sighted the south end of what is now Samar Island, and Europeans first set eyes on the Philippine Islands, March 16, 1521.

\*He had been regarded somewhat in the light of a tame house animal, Pigafetta and the sailors amusing themselves in noting how he conducted himself in his new environment, how he wore his clothes and used a knife and fork. Before he died, he was christened and given the name Paul. The second Patagonian was on board the *San Antonio*. He died before the ship reached the equator.



# Actors As They Are On and Off the Stage

They Are More Than Products of Elocutionary  
Schools and Dancing Academies

**S**OME years ago, in company with several others, I visited the state prison at Charlestown, Massachusetts. Our party included a Methodist minister and W. J. LeMoyné, the actor. After our tour of inspection we were invited into the warden's office for a friendly chat.

'Have you any actors confined here?' Warden Chamberlin was asked.

'Not a single actor. We have never had one in my time.'

'That's good,' commented LeMoyné.

'Any ministers here?'

'Plenty of them.'

Several years later I asked the same question of Chamberlin's successor, Colonel Russell, and he made the same reply. I believe that there have been fewer actors convicted of serious crimes than the members of any other profession, business, or trade, and this in spite of the fact that all connected with the amusement profession are classed as actors, be they players, stagehands, attachés or circus followers. The actor is no worse than the ordinary man, and he is quite apt to be better.

The actor, unless born of a theatrical family, rarely comes from the topmost grades of society. Most of them are from the great middle class. A not inconsiderable percentage are sons or daughters of clergymen. Stars with college educations are rare. The real actor is sporadic; he is as

By  
**QUINCY  
KILBY**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
RUSSELL H. LEGGE

likely to have been born in a small town as in a great metropolis.

True actors are not the products of schools of elocution and dancing academies. The born actor, even though he may be lacking in education and early training, can often give renderings of Shakespeare's lines that the most conscientious and appreciative student can never equal. His gift is one of ear, not of brain. I remember a young man whom the manager used to invite into his office that he might hear him read from Shakespeare.

'Why do you read the line in that way?' the delighted manager would ask.

'Cause it sounds pootier that way, Guvnor.' And that was the true reason. His rendition came by instinct. It was intuition and not education that enabled him to draw from the lines the master's deeper meaning.

Having been connected with theatrical business for many years, I feel that I have a right to express my opinions concerning it. I have seen all sides, from the very good to the pretty bad, and can conscientiously say that I believe actors rise above their early surroundings to a far greater degree than any other class of individuals.

The man who so cleverly plays a part you like may be the son of your washerwoman; but if you compare him with her other children you will find him far above them in intellect, in appearance, in address and in cultivation. His travel has broadened him; the language of the plays in which he has appeared has purified his own; and the discipline of the stage



The rank and file of actors come from the great middle class—fully as likely to have been born in a small town as in a great metropolis.

has been of distinct service to him.

The discipline of the stage—that is a subject on which the average layman is provokingly ignorant, his ideas having been gained largely from pictures in humorous magazines, in which immaculately dressed men of the world are drinking champagne in green rooms and exchanging sophisticated cynicisms with scantily dressed coryphées. Nothing could be further from reality. In the first place, loiterers are not welcomed behind the scenes, be they fashionably or shabbily dressed. And, furthermore, drinking within the sacred precincts of the stage is not tolerated.

The stage is the home of most rigid discipline and the actor must be on hand at the exact second when his presence is required, properly costumed and made up, and letter perfect in his lines; and any failure is promptly punished by a fine. Behind the scenes the utmost quiet is enforced lest some unnecessary noise distract the attention of the audience. Unseemly language or ungentelemanly behavior subjects the offender to a fine. In fact, any infringement of the rules is punishable by a fine, such forfeitures being deducted from the weekly salaries and turned over to the Actors' Fund, an institution for ameliorating the lot of less fortunate members of the profession.

The strict rules of the profession compel the actor to be on hand at the proper time, to speak only the lines provided for him, to dress as he is told, to travel on specified trains, often rising at unreasonable hours to do so, to be at his post in all weathers and all temperatures.

For some undiscovered reason the actor considers the manager his sworn enemy, as the schoolboy does his teacher, and is often moved to express himself at length on the subject, but despite this almost universal feeling he is continually giving evidences of loyalty which it would be hard to equal in other walks of life. Times without number he has dragged himself from a sick bed and gone out into a wintry night to make his way to the theater, there to



The onlooker would be surprised could he see his favorite comedian coming off-stage, inveighing against a lot of tombstones out in front.



risk his health and even his life in ill-ventilated dressing rooms and on draughty stages. In another profession he might stay home and coddle himself, but in this one he sticks to his work until he drops. And every associate, every stagehand, every supernumerary will give him encouragement and try to make his labor as light as possible. Should he fall ill there will be no need of calling in a nurse. Willing volunteers are plentiful and thoughtful words and gifts or fruits and flowers are customary.

There is no need to dwell on the charity which is so well-known an attribute of the profession. Let a great calamity occur in this or any other land and immediately theatrical benefits take place in all parts of the country. The actor gives no thrilling address to be followed by passing the hat. He gives his talent, his labor, his stock in trade. He gives himself, asking no return.

Some years ago a young man in our company died in a Western city. His home was in the East, and the only relative near at hand was a second cousin, a man of high standing in business and religious circles. Immediately after his death I went to his room to take charge of his effects. The relative came in and, among other things, asked, 'I suppose he had some money saved up?'

'I think he had a little in the savings bank,' I replied.

'Well, there doesn't seem to be anything I can do here, as long as there is enough for the funeral expenses. I think I will be going along.' And he went his way and I never saw him again.

On my way back to the theater I met a woman of the company, 'Mr. Kilby, I didn't know Mr. Blank very well, as he had been so short a time in the company,' she said, 'but if you need any money for funeral expenses you may take my salary this week—only please don't say anything about it.'

Continuing along the street I met our ballet-master, a Frenchman who had been in this country only a few years. He stopped me and said, 'Monsieur Keelby, I am not very well-off, and have a family in France to support, but if you need any money for that poor young man's expenses, please call on me for my share.'

There was nothing remarkable about these occurrences. They might have happened in any company. The actor's charity comes straight from his heart and has no stimulus in calculation.

The twisted ideas of the actor's morality are partly due to the fact that he undeniably does stay out late at night, which is in itself a strong argument against him in the eyes of certain individuals. It is true that he is a late bird and may often be seen chatting merrily with his friends during the midnight hours. Most persons need food after their daily work is done, and this particular workman has put in several hours of labor since his six o'clock supper, a meal not too hearty lest it interfere with his acting. This hour or two after the



The proprietor came inquiringly forward. Without a word the actor held a chimney high aloft, then dropped it on the floor. Crash! A thousand pieces!

performance is the crown of his day.

It is unusual to find an actor who has not someone dependent upon him, be it wife, child, parent, brother or sister, or even more distant relative, or friend with no ties of blood.

To those who have had pleasant experience in amateur theatricals, the life of an actor seems like one long playday. At its best it is attractive, but it is full of work, hard work. The applause and appreciation of the audience are inspiring, but a reaction comes after the fall of the curtain. Her work ended, the star returns to her hotel and has supper. If she has anyone but her maid to share it with, she is fortunate.

The life of the leading lady of a stock company is even more arduous and exacting. She has eleven or twelve performances a week and five or more rehearsals, in addition to studying a long new part each week and spending several hours in the hands of a dressmaker, preparing new gowns.

Anyone not versed in the ways of the traveling companies would be surprised to know the extent and character of their reading. Daily papers and magazines, of course, but books of high literary merit are often passed from hand to hand through the entire company and read and intelligently commented on by all. I have heard a stagehand boast of his fine copy of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, and I know a comedy juggler whose choicest possession is a copy of Montaigne's *Essays* which was a gift from another comedy juggler. I am acquainted with an actor of limited education who has made a remarkable dramatization of Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish*. Every line of it is a quotation from Shakespeare. With untiring energy he hunted through the works of the great dramatist until in each case he found a

line exactly to fit the situation. The result is an ingenious yet thoroughly artistic piece of mosaic.

The outsider knows by name only a few stars and leading people and does not realize that there are certain members of the profession whom all actors know, whose names are on their lips far more than those of the better known ones whose portraits grace the pages of the Sunday papers all over the land. They may occupy subordinate positions but personally they are dear to hundreds of their fellows, and it is considered a privilege to be associated with them. There are delightful old ladies whose smiles are a blessing and lovable old men with a pleasant word for everybody, who are continually dropping hints of inestimable value to the younger players. There are plenty of young girls in the profession who are just the sort of girls you would like your sister or daughter to be, and hundreds of clean, manly young men who would run their legs off to do you a service.

Like people in all other walks of life, actors often become weary of their profession and desirous of quitting it. Once in awhile he will break away and embark in some other business, to the approval and envy of his fellows, but instances are rare of the deserter's remaining permanently off the boards, especially if his standing thereon has been high. Occasionally, it is true, an actor will secede to the business side of the theater, and remain there permanently, but he is still a member of the profession, and after all it is the profession itself that so tightly grasps its followers.

This reminds me of an actor who once left the stage for a short time, though he soon returned to the calling for which he was fitted, and which he thereafter adorned to the day of his death. Horace Lewis was an excellent actor and had met with success, but he got the thought that the life of a business man was more to be desired than that of a player, so he invested his savings in a store in Chicago where he made a specialty of the sale of lamps. One day an agent came in and sold him an order of lamp-chimneys that were unbreakable, as he proved by bouncing them on the floor and kicking them all over the shop. They were indeed wonderful, and they set Horace to thinking. Finding that the salesman was going to Omaha, saving Milwaukee for his return trip, Horace said to himself, 'I will hie me up to Milwaukee ahead of this sordid huckster and dispose of my stock at advanced prices before he knows what is doing.'

So one cold morning he went to Milwaukee with a satchel full of lamp-chimneys. The mercury stood at 20 degrees below zero, and 20 degrees below has an effect on glass, though he didn't know it; not then. Seeing a store with lamps in the window he opened the door and strode boldly in. The proprietor was in the back part of the shop but came inquiringly forward. Without a word Horace very dramatically opened his satchel, took out a chimney, gracefully unwrapped it, held it high aloft, then dropped it on the floor. Crash! A thousand pieces!

Nothing daunted, Horace took out another, went through the same motions, and dropped that one. Bing! A thousand pieces again! Six successive times did he try it, and six successive times did powdered glass spatter his shoes. Without a word he closed the satchel, turned on his heel and stalked majestically from the place, leaving the astonished storekeeper wondering to this day why that madman came into his place and broke lamp-chimneys all over his floor.



# Let's Pass a Law!

(Concluded from page 2)

this country, they are likely to stay there.

'You may know that the Sunday observance law in the state of Connecticut was only liberalized to meet vastly changed conditions in that state some ten or a dozen years since—after perhaps a hundred and fifty years of a Sunday law which in its essential wording had come down from the days of King John.

'America's lawmakers are ever exceeding their loath to repeal laws which have had their day. The tremendous pressure on them to pass new laws keeps their minds well occupied in the contrary direction, and they have a natural disinclination, in any event, to take responsibility for a change which may turn out for the worse. There is a wealth of dead letters and moribund laws on our statute books.

'Do you know,' he said, 'I believe if the average man actually sensed his position before the law today, his pulse would go up every time he saw a policeman. We are the most law-ridden folk in the world. Nowhere over the globe is it as easy to break the law.

'Why, are you aware that in the city of New York it is punishable with fine and imprisonment—imprisonment, mind you—to drive an automobile around any street corner at a speed of more than four miles an hour?

'Did you ever hear of Charles F. Southmayde, a leading legal light for years? He was so impressed by the great number of new laws constantly coming on that he employed another highly competent lawyer simply to keep him out of jail. So fearful was Mr. Southmayde that he might unwittingly land in one of these "man-traps," as he called them, that he paid the other man well to familiarize himself with the statutes of his own state, especially the new ones, so that he might observe them.

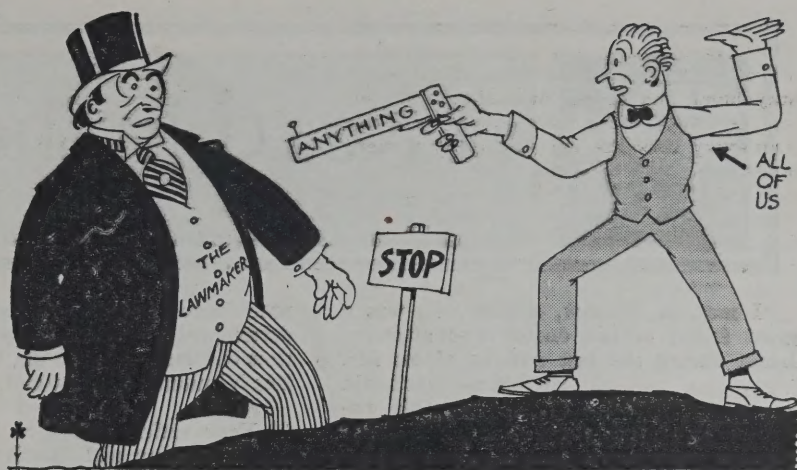
'Hipped on the subject? Certainly not. He was simply a good lawyer and knew what he was up against. His anxiety was perfectly natural.

'Law-ridden, did I say?' cried the author. 'Absolutely that! We root for liberty and then make laws covering every conceivable subject under heaven.

'This is no matter to take lightly. It's deadly serious, really. The more laws there are, the harder it is to enforce any of them! And that leads straight to lawlessness. When the legal saturation point is approached our laws become either jokes or instruments for blackmail!

'Have you ever stopped a vehicle with its left side to the sidewalk? One-way street or not, have you ever done that? Anyway, don't or I may have to get you a bondsman. This is for your own good. Don't fail to tie up securely the newspapers in your garbage can. It doesn't matter what you see the superintendent of your apartment house do. I'm talking to you of the law. There is a dire penalty for these offenses.

We shall have to do something to limit the law-making power.



'By the same token, don't beat a rug on the front stoop. And be very careful not to carry an unmuzzled dog, no matter how small! Don't use the hose on your sidewalk after eight a. m. And, above all things, don't fail to have your chauffeur wear his motor badge on the outside of his coat.'

'But those are merely local ordinances,' I interposed.

'They're the law, just the same!' retorted Arthur Train. 'And don't go so strong on the "merely"—there's a fine or imprisonment, or both, for these and many other things that might seem of small account to you.

'What is more, by the side of some local legislation in American cities these examples are most conservative. I believe the city of Los Angeles still prohibits street car conductors from shooting jack rabbits or other "live game" from the platforms of their cars.

'Los Angeles did have a law forbidding "more than one person bathing in or occupying a bathtub at the same time." Possibly this has been rescinded—I don't know—as perhaps has another Los Angeles ordinance making it a misdemeanor to wear false whiskers, "whether complete or partial."

'It isn't necessary, though,' he went on,

from the use of the knife or other surgical instruments!"

'And you may not know that the state of Indiana requires a hotel proprietor to put fresh sheets on a bed after the departure of the guest who has occupied it. Nothing compels him to change the sheet while the guest remains such.

'At that, we need not go West at all to find some odd laws. A radical commonwealth certainly New York State is not—proud member of the original thirteen colonies—but the New York State Penal Code has some peculiar things in it. Relics of another day, even after the law has been codified.

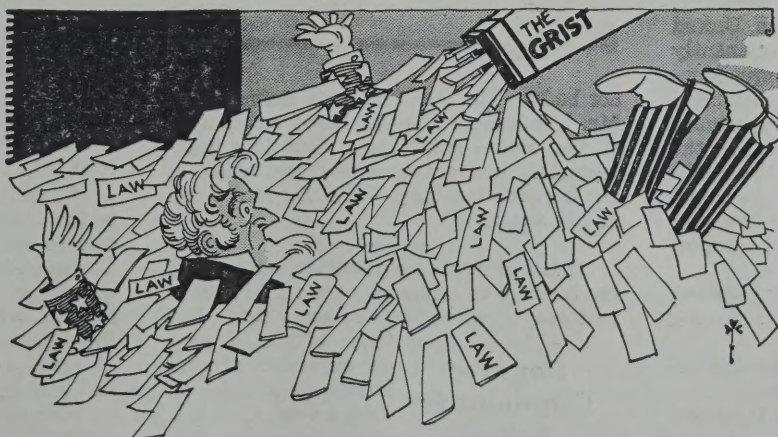
'It is a crime to sell skimmed milk in New York State! It is also a crime to run a horse on a highway! It is a crime "to exhibit any puppet show, wire or rope dance, or any other idle shows, acts or feats which common showmen, mountebanks or jugglers usually practise or perform" or "to exhibit any painting, any animal, natural or other curiosity" without a permit signed by two justices of the peace.

'It is criminal to cut ice in front of the premises of another, to require more than eight hours' labor of an employee or pay wages other than weekly, to ride a bicycle on a footpath, to run a horse within a mile of where a court is sitting; to mismanage a steam boiler, to keep a slot machine, secretly to loiter about a building for the purpose of eavesdropping, and so on and on and on.

'These are but a few selected at random. You may have noticed that we have kept away from what people generally think of as "freak laws"—so-called "blue laws," and the like. Many states still have these on their books. Why, within a generation a New Jersey grand jury found a statute under which to indict a woman as "a common scold." Yes, actually, and she was saved from the ducking stool with no small difficulty.

'And as to Sunday laws, it is probably illegal in possibly a majority of our states to drive, or even walk, for pleasure on the Sabbath; while hunting, fishing or the simple out-of-door games are crimes.

'I believe in the law,' concluded Arthur Train, 'and so do you. But the time comes when we shall have to do something to limit the lawmaking power as most states have already limited the sessions of their legislatures to a certain number of days.'



In a recent five-year period more than 62,000 separate laws were passed

'to go as far as municipal ordinances for absurdities. How about this statute in a western state? "When two trains approach each other at a crossing, they shall both come to a full stop and neither shall start until the other has gone!"

'Why, as recently as 1919 the General Assembly of the state of Ohio put this into a statute: "Major surgery, which shall be defined to mean the performance of those surgical operations attended by mortality





# I Read in the Papers



I met, in Warsaw, a man who was a great friend of the doctor who attended Lenin during the last months of his life.

## Lenin Died in Despair

He told me that Lenin died of despair because he knew that the constructive State he must build on the ruin he had created would differ so little from the State that had preceded it. He had carried the doctrines of Marx to their logical conclusion and reduced Russia to a slag-heap. The introduction of the New Economic Policy sounded the death-knell of Communism, and proved that it is impossible to apply the bare untempered mind of science to politics, which is, after all, an affair of human nature. He did it, and it was a huge thing to do, but it killed him. Herein lies, I believe, the key to the present Russian situation. There are still a number of idiots in Moscow who go on trying desperately to fit every problem into the 'class-war' formula. But they are a diminishing quantity. Zinoviev is the biggest of them, and he has gone. Every day the 'economic opportunists' are gaining ground. 'The Dictatorship of the Proletariat' is recognized by most people to be nothing more than an empty-sounding phrase.—Robert Boothby, M. P., in *The Spectator*.

The alternative proposal is to introduce a system similar to that which at present exists for the election of the governing body of the International Labor Office. Only the traditional Great Powers—Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan (eventually the United States and Russia)—would be permanently represented on the Council. The qualifications of the various nations are calculated on the basis of their industrial importance in accordance with a special index. In the case of elections to the Council the qualifications would naturally have to be somewhat different, so as to indicate not only the industrial but also the general importance of each nation.

The index numbers might, for instance, be arranged according to the following table:

1. Total number of adults having received elementary education.
2. Elementary education per thousand inhabitants.
3. Academic education per thousand inhabitants.
4. Estimated value in sterling of total industrial output.
5. Total horsepower employed for industrial purposes.
6. Estimated value in sterling of exports.
7. Estimated value in sterling of imports.
8. Total length of railways.
9. Tonnage of mercantile marine.

For each of these categories should be given an index number proportionate to the result obtained by each nation according to official statistics, and the order of

precedence between the nations should be determined by the total score they have thus obtained.—B. G. de Montgomery in *The Nineteenth Century and After*.

Your article seems to insist that the World Teacher and Mr. Krishnamurti are one and the same person, though both Dr.

## 'The New Messiah' —a Letter

Besant and Mr. Krishnamurti himself have expressly and repeatedly denied that. The only claim that is made is that the body of this young Indian is used by the World Teacher—not continuously, one understands, but as occasion arises—as in the instance quoted from *The Manchester Guardian*. Using psychological terminology, the case would be called one of dual personality, or rather, dissociated personality. In *Old Diary Leaves*, by Colonel Olcott, the first president of the Theosophical Society, similar incidents are mentioned in connection with Madame Blavatsky and some of her literary work. But no one confused her with any of the personages using

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set \$1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

her body. The idea that it is claimed that Mr. Krishnamurti is 'the latest incarnation of the divine spirit' is a doubtless unintentional, but grave misrepresentation of Dr. Besant's teaching.—J. A. Edward Wren in *The Spectator*.

## House of Commons Is Baffled

If Labor members possessed one tithe of the courage or brilliance of the Irishmen of yesterday, we might have some fun. But they add to a ponderous density of mind inferiority complex on such a scale that it is quite impossible verbally to hit back. If any criticism is made of their intelligence, wisdom, or sincerity they at once assume an attitude of outraged indignation. First they become 'hurt' and take up the line that just because their opponents have had a so-called 'superior' education that is no reason for taking advantage of it in debate and 'hitting below the belt.' Then they begin to bellow. So the wretched Unionists have to sit silent while their leaders are described as liars, murderers, and hypocrites, and dare not reply, for fear of turning the House into a bear-garden.—*The Spectator*.

Geographically Palestine is one-sixth larger than Wales and one-fourth smaller than Belgium. Comparable in geographical area with these countries, it is vastly different from them in other respects. Its population is one-third of that of

## Palestine the Little

Wales and one-tenth of that of Belgium. In its sparsity of population, its deficiency of national and municipal plant and industrial equipment, its low state of cultivation and its low productivity, it contrasts sharply with both.—W. Basil Worsfold in *The Nineteenth Century*.

Read Homer and compare him to a poet of the last fifty years. Metrical skill you will find in the modern, a certain dexterity, an occasional flash of intuition; but in the end the conclusion forces itself upon the mind that while time may preserve some

## Not to Ask, But to Tell

jewels from the 20th Century poet, some moments when he rose above the welter of his age and lived in the upper air, his work as a whole is, compared with that of Homer, immature and foundationless. Much of it is a poetry of questioning; but the poet's function is not to ask, but to tell.—George H. Bonner in *The Nineteenth Century and After*.

Science leads us to know of what is true in the physical world, as far as such knowledge is attainable.

## A Sheaf of Definitions

Philosophy helps us to think what is true about all the subjects with which we are brought in contact.

Religion teaches us to feel the highest truth in order to receive the greatest practical help toward leading the ideal life.

Theology (often confused with religion in the discussion of these subjects) may be said to stand toward religion in the same way as philosophy to science, and it has been defined as the 'Teaching of some positive religion as to the attributes and existence of the Supreme Being.'

Science deals with parts of the real world, and is analytical.

Philosophy deals with the whole and is synthetic—i. e., taking a general survey. Its aim is to exhibit the universe as a rational system in the harmony of all its parts.

A fact is only known in relation to other facts. There is no such thing as an individual fact. Every statement of fact involves certain general notions and theories.

Philosophy subjects these general notions to a critical analysis to discover how far they are true, or whether they must be restated.

Philosophy, then, is the science of principles.—C. H. Prichard in *The Nineteenth Century and After*.



# Age, Greatness and Novelty in TREES

(C) Arthur Prentiss.

Oval, left—Oregon has still a considerable amount of original standing timber, despite modern lumbering operations. Try to find the man in this picture.



Upper right—The famed Biblical Cedars of Lebanon were not immune from the vandalism of tourists, who peeled off the bark. (C) International Newsreel.

Oval, above—This curious picture, made on the banks of the Thames River, England, speaks for itself. (C) International Newsreel.

Below—Nine hundred years is the age assigned to this giant oak, standing on the property of the Women's National Foundation, Washington, D. C. (C) Harris & Ewing.







3 0112 105909177



**I**T WOULD be thought a hard Government that should tax its People one tenth Part of their Time, to be employed in its Service. But Idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute Sloth, or doing nothing, with that which is spent in idle Employments or Amusements, that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on Diseases absolutely shortens Life. Sloth, like Rust, consumes faster than Labor wears, while the used Key is always bright, as Poor Richard says. But dost thou love Life, then do not squander Time, for that's the Stuff Life is made of, as Poor Richard says.

—Benjamin Franklin  
(The Sayings of Poor Richard).

